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# Ingle side Log



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# Ingleside Log





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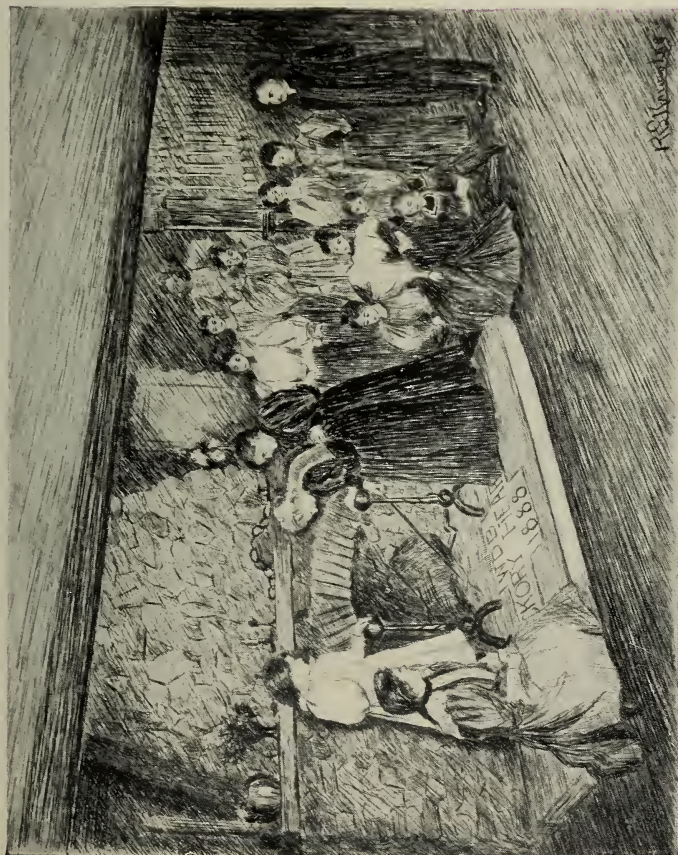


Mrs Cornelia Funk

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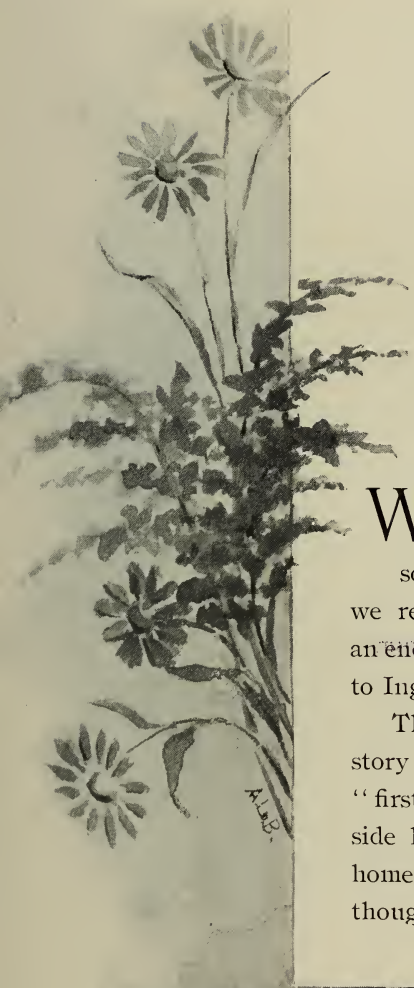
LIGHTING OF THE LOG.

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## Story of October.

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"Autumn, laying here and there,  
A fiery finger on the leaves."

—Whittier.

WHEN the leaves begin to turn and the days grow somewhat shorter and colder, we realize that our Summer is at an end, and our thoughts are turned to Ingleside and our school work.

This year it was the same old story again to us old girls. Our "first mortgage claim" on Ingleside having been well established, homesickness is far from our thoughts, and in coming back each

October



year we simply take possession of "our own." On the evening of October second, eighteen ninety-five, Mrs. Black was in "the Hall" as usual, to bid us welcome, notwithstanding the attractions of her new home on the hill; the fire crackled its cheerful greeting to us; and, as we looked about at the familiar objects there was a queer feeling that we had not been away.



IN THE AUTUMN FIELDS.

The next day found us, as it has many times before, occupied in planning our work for the coming year, and in trying to make the new girls feel at home. One aid to this result is the usual big bonfire on Hickory Hearth. So bright a thing can hardly do less than cheer those who are blue; but if the fire failed to brighten



them, the dancing and refreshments which followed in the Drill Room did the work that night. The first week of school was necessarily a hard one ; but, when Saturday came, we were repaid for our labors by Mrs. Black, who kindly invited us all to spend the day with her at Lazy Lodge. The old girls knew what glorious fun was



OUR HONORARY MEMBERS.

in store for them ; and, when we returned, the new girls allowed our prophecies to be more than true.

Above all, the important events of this month, first and foremost, in the mind of a golf enthusiast, stands that of the organization of the Ingleside Golf Club, which took place on Friday evening, October the eleventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-five. The idea had



been suggested before school opened, and the brother of one of our new girls, enthusiastically assisted by Miss Hunt and Mr. Draper, had laid out links over the beautiful fields of Hickory Hearth. When we arrived they had tried the grounds and pronounced them "fine." By acclamation they were made honorary members of the club. A week later the officers had been elected, and the club was in "full swing." We trust it is not necessary to pause until you catch the meaning of that joke. Then, to demonstrate its versatility, the club gave an entertainment within doors. Those tableaux!—space forbids, and modesty declines to expatiate upon them. Since then the club has been growing in numbers and importance. It has held quite a number of meetings; possibly some of you may recall having seen posted on the board in the Bindestrich, "A meeting of the Golf Club in the Studio," immediately after dinner or luncheon, or whenever it takes it into its head to meet. One unfeeling outsider had the audacity to remark that she didn't see how we got through with one meeting in time for another—but that's because she was not "in it."

One Saturday evening the old girls gave a card party for the benefit of the new ones, which proved a delightful success. Then came, as one of the notable excitements of the month, the initiation of Miss Florence Hammond into the mysteries of the Pansy Garden. Upon this subject nothing definite can be said, but that the interest was great and wide-spread, and that she came out alive, with only a few scratches to remind her, for a week or so, of her unusual privileges.





LAKE WARAMAUG, FROM LAZY LODGE.



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The dancing class, under Professor Newell, which is held every Wednesday afternoon, is evidently to become a feature of the school. Promptly at three-fifteen, very often at three-ten, a long, dark line winds itself around the corner, and with military precision proceeds up Terrace Place. Presently the cloak room is filled with masculine garbs, and the Rectory School is in our midst. Then "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined," is the word of the hour until dinner-time. But dancing has not been confined to Ingleside entirely. On All Hallow E'en there was a charming dance to the Banjo Orchestra at the Weantinaug; had it not rained, the hotel would have been crowded; as it was, those who had courage to venture out had a most glorious time.

And now we come to the best evening of all, when the fire was lighted in the rough stone chimney at Hickory Hearth.

Since we left New Milford in the Spring, the new house, which seemed then a mass of stone and timber, had taken definite shape, and we found it on our return crowning the top of Aspetuck Hill, "a thing of beauty," and certainly destined to be to us girls, "a joy forever." The great entrance hall has dark oak wainscoting and low timber roof, a *quaint* staircase, just the thing for us to crowd upon, and an enormous fire-place and rough cobble-stone chimney coming down into the room. This chimney is built of stones which have been collected in various parts of the world. A bit of Westminster Abbey; lava from Pompeii; tile from Canterbury Cathedral; stones with Shaksperian associations from Strat-



ford-on-Avon; and a hundred other interesting relics. We found a rock with a little painting upon it, by Mr. Charles Parsons, whom we old girls all remember lovingly, and many souvenir stones from Mrs. Black's friends and relatives. The most important feature of the room and of the house, indeed, is the big hearthstone, an immense block of New Milford granite, which years ago Mr. Black brought onto the hillside and designed for its present position. Although Mrs. Black had been several weeks in the house, no fire had yet been lighted on this hearthstone. It seemed the starting of a new home for Ingleside girls. We were all included in the invitation for the evening, and Mr. Draper's blessing was for all of us. A '93 graduate had written a lovely song which we all sang, and a '94 graduate, in a poem, told the big hearthstone what its mission was to be, and why. Then dear Mrs. Sanford touched a torch to the pile of logs, and the flames sprang up, lighting her white hair and filling the room with a sort of glory, and Mr. Draper said the prayer of benediction.

Every one entered heartily into the sweet memories and associations which clustered already about that hearthstone, but there was in the crowd of girls just one, who of her own knowledge, understood these associations, and whose hand had touched and loved the hand which years before had laid the foundation of this home. This one girl said nothing of her recollections, but, more than any other could, she understood

“The minor in the carol and the shadow in the light.”

ISABEL NELSON SMITH.



## Lighting of the Log at Hickory Hearth.

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October, 1895.

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ON the bleak hillside many years it lay  
Beaten by storms, this hearthstone gray,  
Chilled by the snows, so scarcely August's sun  
Could warm its heart. O silent, dreaming one  
What were your thoughts as seasons onward rolled?  
Visions of past days, scenes bygone and old  
Stirred your still depths with mem'ries manifold.  
That was not life ; no wonder you were cold !

Numb and unconscious, perhaps wondering  
Where was the hand that first did bring  
You to the hillside, little did you heed  
Changes about you, or you had indeed  
Learned long ago, from every wind that blew,  
From the bees buzzing gossip as they flew,  
Something of that kind fireside light that threw  
Beams from beneath the hill. You never knew

When the grass 'round you rustled 'neath the feet  
Of many maidens, come to greet  
Those budding trees ; and when, from ev'ry side,  
Wanton echoes were wakened far and wide. —



Now when to-night we come and find you here  
Where all those hopes that once to you were dear,  
Long ago laid aside as dead and sere,  
Burst into bloom, and ev'rywhere appear,

Still your dull heart is cold. You do not deem  
This other than a lengthy dream  
Like those upon the hillside in days past.  
Ah ! but old stone, 'tis time you woke at last.  
Know you the meaning of this gathering ?  
We 've come to rouse you from your slumbering.  
Now shall your heart warm to its wakening,  
For in our midst a magic brand we bring ;

And by that talisman we 'll work a spell—  
List, while your future we foretell :  
You, as an altar to that spirit kind  
Whose presence over all this house we find,  
Bearing the emblem of his genial cheer,  
His well-remembered heartiness, so dear  
Unto all those who raised and placed you here,  
Henceforth shall stand, his honored likeness near.

Here then we pledge ourselves, old friend, to-night.  
Once kindled, naught shall dim your light.  
When the winds rage, and fields are decked with snow,  
Brighter and warmer still shall be your glow.  
Should e'er the fires beneath the hill grow cold,  
We 'll send to you, as Vesta's shrine of old,  
Seeking a brand which precious life shall hold,  
Make our dull Purple warm, regild our Gold.



Lo ! what a future dawns for one, outcast  
Through many years, restored at last !  
See where the dancing flame, like hope's bright ray,  
Sends forth its sparks that o'er his features play !  
Hark ! The gay crackle tells the fire has spun  
Its net of golden threads. Our spell is done !  
Watch now the stone. Reluctant to be won,  
Warming, he wakes ! The new life has begun.

JEAN LEE HUNT, '94.





## Lighting of the Log at Hickory Hearth.

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October, '95.

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*Tune: Auld Lang Syne.*

TO thee, O Stone ! a charge we give,  
A charge for coming days,  
A final thought before we part,  
For thee to keep always —  
For thee to keep always, O Stone !  
For thee to keep always ;  
To ever hold within thy heart  
The charge of coming days.

For friends whom thou shalt later greet,  
For strangers at thy side,  
For girlish faces, oft who meet  
Sweet welcome to provide.  
A sense of love, a sense of cheer,  
Let ever from thee flow ;  
A greeting for them as they come,  
A God-speed as they go.

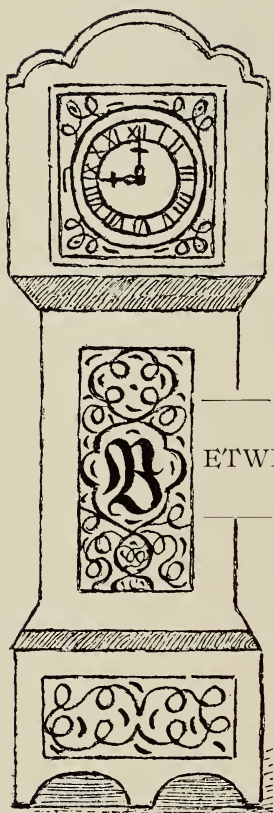


Oh ! may the blessing given to-night  
Bide ever and for aye !  
Oh ! may thy dancing flames so light  
Send forth their brightest ray !  
Send forth their brightest ray, O Stone !  
Send forth their brightest ray,  
To turn to sunshine in our hearts,  
To gild the coming day.

EDITH WARNER, '93.







E.F.

## Storytime.

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BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower," comes the time for story-telling. Then we Cuckoos all troop to a certain room where we scramble onto the beds, anyway at all, so long as we are comfortable, and the stories commence — or, rather, we are ready to hear them; but it takes a long time to decide who shall begin. You see, we have not had enough practice yet to enjoy our own tales better than the tales of others. Finally some unlucky girl is chosen.

One of our favorites is "The Clam Story." It commences in this way: "Once upon a time there was a little girl, and her name was Mary — no; I think it was Susan. Well — well, she went down to the



shore —” “Are you shore of it?” breaks in one of the girls; and so it goes on, until the story is finished.

Another girl tells of weird ghosts appearing in all sorts of ways, and, I must confess, we often see the ghosts ourselves.

Then, when the stories are told, we talk about our personal experiences; and these make almost as much excitement as the ghost stories.

Before one can realize it, the clock strikes nine; and someone begins to sing—“Mädchen sie müssen Deutsch”—we don’t wait to hear the rest!

ETHEL HOPKINS.







LAZY LODGE.

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### The Day at Lake Waramaug.

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SATURDAY, October fifth, happened to deviate from the general picnic luck — rainy weather — and was a glorious, sunshiny day. It is certain that no one lost any marks in punctuality at breakfast time that morning. A little excitement always makes Ingleside punctual.

At nine-thirty every one, laden with all sorts of wraps, was ready to start on the delightful excursion



to Lake Waramaug. We packed ourselves three deep into the carriages, but, as all were in the best of spirits, no one minded how many were on one seat. The drive was over a pretty country road by the side of a rollicking stream they called the Aspetuck. Past comfortable-looking farm-houses, through patches of woods bright



ON THE SHORE.

with October colors, over hill and through dale we went, always seeming to get a little higher up, till at last the lake came in sight, and then we followed its windings in and out till we spied a cunning, little red cottage covered with vines, 'way out on a point in the water, and looking very cosey and attractive. We had been



more than an hour on the road, and, although the drive had been so very pleasant, we were a wee bit glad to change our cramped positions.

The first thing we did was to explore Lazy Lodge, amusing ourselves with the various queer contrivances for comfort in the quaint, little camp cottage, admiring



WATERING THE HORSES.

the "Sweet Sixteen," the "Blackbird," and the "Ripple," which were stowed away in the cellar too carefully to be taken out and launched for our amusement on so short a visit, and, of course, deciding that "The Pansy" was the best boat of all. Then the "old girls" showed the "new comers" around the shores of the lake, and





LAKE WARAMAUG.



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took them over the fields. A queer old fisherman was fishing for black bass just off the point. He seemed greatly surprised at Mrs. Black's large family. Snap shots were taken in all directions when least expected. We cannot resist showing you some of the pictures.

About one o'clock we were summoned to luncheon.



OFF THE POINT, LAZY LODGE.

It was a most welcome call, for Lake Waramaug is famous for producing the largest appetite in the smallest space of time. After eating to our hearts' content, we had our first fireside meeting. The girls who won the bracelets last year received them, and the Pansy Scheme was explained.



When the meeting had adjourned we took several pictures of the whole school, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in looking at little mementos left by people who had been at the Lodge before, in listening to improbable fish stories, throwing stones in the water and wandering over the sand. As usual, the devoted



THE WHOLE PARTY.

Cuckoos were seen in company. Here is a picture of them—teachers and all. We remember that some brave and valiant young ladies who went across the fields saw a little animal that looked like a large rat. They broke ranks and fled; no well-trained army could have done better in retreating. Their fears were dispelled



when, glancing over their shoulders, they saw the animal going in the opposite direction with the unmistakable hop of a rabbit. Echo asks, "Where were the 'tappfer Stiefmütterchen'?"

All too soon the signal was given for the return, and with many regrets we climbed into our respective car-



THE CUCKOO FAMILY.

riages and turned the horses' heads homeward. We drove around the lake to lengthen the trip and to see the scenery, which was most beautiful. How we enjoyed it all!

Songs and calls resounded from the different loads as we rattled down the valley. Surely, "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," for those who started out



feeling a trifle homesick, on this, their first Saturday at school, returned completely cured.

Then came Ingleside, and dinner. After dinner we tried dancing, but we were too tired to dance long; so, like sensible girls, we betook ourselves to our beds and dreamed the whole, happy day over again.

MARGARET NOYES.





## The Story of November.

"That time of year thou may'st in me be-  
hold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do  
hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the  
cold,  
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet  
birds sang."

*Shakespeare.*

TO call this past month at  
Ingleside "Bleak Novem-  
ber" would be giving it a  
very inappropriate title, for not  
alone the weather but proceed-  
ings in general have been so  
bright and cheerful, that they  
now afford an overwhelming  
number of subjects for discus-  
sion.

L. U.

november



First a bean-bag party. Do any of you know what this is? Perhaps Mrs. Hunt would tell you if you don't. This was what the Studios gave one Friday night as a heading for a novel entertainment.

Then came Cora and her Paris gowns. Rather, I should say, a great number of Paris clothes arrived, and with them Cora. The Studio was overwhelming in its welcome on that memorable night; still, we marvel that such dainty articles could bear the handling they received and wonder if everything from Paris can equal them in durability.

The Golf Club has made itself very important this month by placing high in the Bindestrich a private bulletin board, and also by a tournament, unfinished, it is true, but that is accounted for by the enforced absence of a number of the participants.

There has been no prettier event at Ingleside for many a day, than the little French tea which the energetic Hallites gave on the evening before vacation. Spirits rose high that night over "the cup which cheers," and the world looked to all of us *couleur de rose*. For, is there any Wednesday in the year like that ever-cherished-and-looked-forward-to-Wednesday before Thanksgiving? To some this year it was a red-letter day, indeed, for it brought that first visit home after the first experience of life in boarding-school. Ah, girls! not one of us can ever forget that strange delight; no future visit can be quite the same.

For us poor mortals who remained behind, the day



will also be *sweet* to memory, associated with numerous and delicious packages of candy.

We girls had prided ourselves on the fact that we were able to make a good, fine noise when occasion required; and, frequently, we had been mournfully reminded, when occasion did not require; but that evening on the jolly hay-ride, which must not be forgotten, we really lost confidence in our vaunted powers, for Miss Warner failed to answer to our call—

“Wake the echoes far and wide!

Pansies! Pansies! Ingleside!”

rang again and again on the clear moonlit air. In vain! The echoes and Miss Warner were alike so deep in slumber that nothing short of a pitcher of ice-water would have aroused them.

Thanksgiving Day with us was celebrated, first, by the change of rising hour from 8 to 8.30—an unusual luxury! Second, by the usual sumptuous repast at two o'clock; and, third, by a visit to Mr. Everest's school, where we were beautifully entertained by the Rectory boys till the hour of eleven P. M.

Various incidents recur as we look back over the month. Tramp's death leaves a vacancy here that will not soon be filled. (In view of various law suits, not wholly unconnected with sheep killing, in which Mrs. Black is interested *pr. force*, she thinks it very likely the vacancy will long remain.) Poor Tramp! We wish your memory were not thus tarnished by stories which are false, *we know*.

One day while a number of us were walking along



an unfrequented road about four miles from the village, we espied in the distance a harmless-looking personage, apparently deeply absorbed in the exciting occupation of cutting down trees and tearing up innocent plants and shrubs. Quietly concealing ourselves behind a



stone wall we watched the operation for a while, then bobbing up from our hiding place, we made violent efforts to attract his attention. Botany was too engrossing, and part and parcel of the stone wall we might have been, so utterly absorbed was he by the work in



hand. For once, we girls had to be content to be ignored. I leave it to be imagined who this mysterious personage may have been.

And now I am about to describe an unusual scene at Ingleside. It goes without saying that it occurred during the vacation. Miss Boyer's Attic Studio occu-



A CORNER IN THE ATTIC STUDIO.

pied by "the girls who staid"! Afternoon, or rather evening tea, was it? served by these damsels under the wing of the favorite art teacher, in dainty, Dresden cups, amid art treasures from the Orient and Japan; and, strangest of all, served to a party of young men!



A Yale student, one of the village beaux!! But let the particulars remain a mystery forever! The fact is a fact, impossible though it may seem! We did not go home for Thanksgiving, girls; but this is a world of compensation!

To some of us the most important event of this month was Confirmation, which was administered in the little church, *our* little church, at Evensong, November twenty-fourth. The kneeling girls, the grand old Bishop of the Diocese, the quiet twilight of an Indian Summer day and the beautiful confirmation office. This is our sweetest November memory.

A. FLORENCE BROWNING.



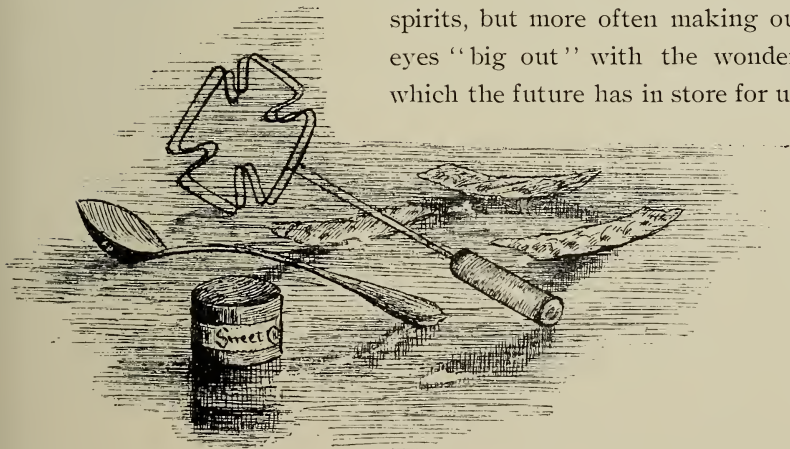
## Cheese Roasting.

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YOU may ask, "What is a Cheese Roast?" but, if you were lucky enough to be a Cuckoo, you would well know.

Sometimes, on Saturday afternoons, we gather 'round the little stove in Miss Warner's pleasant room, and then the fun begins. One girl toasts crackers in a long-handled toaster, which Miss Boyer has kindly donated, while another melts, that is to say "roasts," the cheese in a tin spoon. When it gets bubbly and frothy it is poured over the crackers, and then, you may be sure, we are none too slow in helping ourselves to the goodies.

Next, perhaps, Miss Hunt produces her palmistry book and tells our fortunes; sometimes dampening our spirits, but more often making our eyes "big out" with the wonders which the future has in store for us.





Then various games, such as "Pig," "Old Maid" and "I Doubt You," are played, amid much laughter and fun. Cuckoos know how to laugh.

Thus we spend many happy afternoons in "Cheese Roasting."

MILDRED THORPE.





## Thanksgiving Vacation.

---

THE Wednesday morning came, at length, with all the bustle that a vacation morning generally brings.

Before eight o'clock the girls had rushed into the dining-room, all eager to commence the last meal they would have at Ingleside for a number of days. It seemed to the "going ones" as if the time would never pass; but we that were to stay thought it flew, and nine o'clock came all too soon.

If any one had passed Ingleside at that moment, they would have observed entirely different expressions on the faces of the girls going down Terrace Place and those left standing on the "Hall" piazza. When the lucky ones had turned the corner, a number of us found our way up the street to the new Rectory.

We watched the train come around the foot of the mountain and speed on to the crowd of waiting ones. Some of the smoke from the locomotive got in our eyes and made the tears come (at least, we think it was smoke); but it did not take long to brush them away; and with brave hearts and a bold determination to have a good time, we came back to our own pleasures.



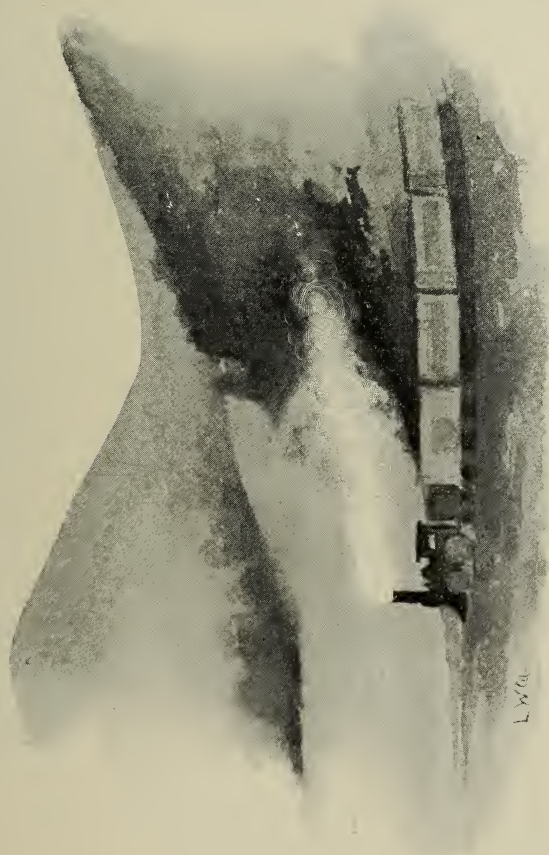
All of us moved into the "Hall" in order to be together. If the owners of the different rooms, in that house—no, even the spirits of the owners—could have looked in upon their abiding places, I fear their physiognomies would have been very much distorted.



THOSE WHO STAID.

Mrs. Hunt and her order marks were no longer feared. We could hardly find a place to lay our possessions, there was so much candy and jam and other good things about. To make a rough estimate, we consumed in those four days, candy to the amount of—well, we won't say, after all. We always believe in telling the truth, and therefore hesitate to record anything that may sound





"WE WATCHED THE TRAIN . . ."

L.W.G.



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like a Munchausen statement. It took us a long time to make the estimate, anyway, and we would not vouch for its being exact, had we not conquered harder problems in simultaneous quadratic equations for Mr. Draper. Besides, we have several witnesses—not only witnesses but partakers—to verify the facts.

One girl had a box of goodies from home, and it only remains to add that she found no difficulty in disposing of the delicious contents. A good many of you already know what a box of good things is to school girls.

Wednesday evening was clear and bright and cold. Some one proposed a straw ride, to which we all consented, and which we all enjoyed immensely. The moon shone brightly, and Harvard and Yale would have been pleased to have found so many ardent admirers. The legendary and famous raccoon was there, in song, and John Brown's Body was musically dissected with great ardor. When we came back we were, glad enough to get into bed, for we felt a little cramped in the knees, and a trifle hoarse in the voice.

The next day was Thanksgiving. We amused ourselves in the morning by taking bicycle tours; but that pleasure was nothing compared to the enjoyment that came later in the Thanksgiving Dinner. We will not make your mouths water by attempting to enumerate the delicious things we enjoyed. We will simply say, "A turkey is a turkey the world over."

Hardly had we risen from our sumptuous repast than it was time to think of getting ready for the dance! What, dance? Why, yes; we must explain, must we



not? Well, Mr. Everest invited all the remaining Ingle-siders to come up to the Rectory School, Thanksgiving night. We started, but had not gone very far when the spring, or that mysterious part of a vehicle that is forever breaking, broke. We had to wait until another carriage could be procured, which did not take long, and after many joggings and jostlings, we arrived safely. We have no doubt however, that the Rectory boys would have found us very cool companions, had we been obliged to have gone much farther in the falling snow. We played a number of exciting games and had great fun dancing. A little later in the evening we enjoyed a delicious supper. The time came all too soon to say "good night;" but after we had said it, we packed ourselves into the "Bus" and came home.

The next day, Friday, was spent in nothing more exciting than the taking of bicycle trips and eating candy, for you have probably seen by my statements thus far that we had our greatest fun in the evening. Many eager faces watched out of the windows of the Art room, about eight P. M., for the appearance of the Rectory school that we had invited down to call. Alas! only several of the teachers and no Rectory boys rewarded the anxious watching eyes. Nevertheless, the evening was pleasantly spent.

Saturday, our last day, we spent playing Golf and getting ready for the return of the girls.

In the evening, after they had come, we re-enjoyed ourselves by telling and being told of the good times each one had. We could not see but what we had had as



much fun as they, and we went to bed with the satisfaction that our share had been *these* good times, and there were only four weeks to Christmas, anyway, when we were going home, *too*; for "all things come 'round to him who will but wait."

SOPHIE BOUCHER.



### Unsere Klassenblume.

1896.

DIE Wasserlilie auf dunklem See  
 Erwählten wir zum Zeichen.  
 Es ist der dunkle, tiefe See  
 Dem Leben zu vergleichen.

Sie schwimmt so rein und silberweiss  
 Auf ihrer dunklen Tiefe,  
 Als ob in ihr für alle Zeit  
 Der Unschuld Seele schlief.

EDITH DURAND BENNETT.





## The Story of December.

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“The Winter time,  
With snow and rime  
Has sprung from sunburnt  
Autumn’s breast.  
And in her lap  
She holds, mayhap,  
A Spring of all the Springs  
the best.”

DECEMBER has not sustained his reputation this year; he started out well, but soon forgot his mission, and, when the twenty-fifth came 'round, the ground was still bare, and Santa Claus was obliged to exchange his sleigh for a bicycle.

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December



We of '96 remember the December of a year ago, when a glorious toboggan slide was the attraction at Hickory Hearth. Every afternoon found us there through the last days of December and through January and February as well, till there came a sad day when an accident befell the bravest, sweetest of us all. Perhaps it is as well that no snow came this year. To some of us, tobogganing would have been sad.

First and foremost among the happenings of this month we should record the visit of the Elocutionist, Jean Stuart Brown. Her delightful rendering of "The Winter's Tale" held us spellbound, and she so inspired us with the spirit of dramatic art, that our various copies of Shakespeare are, in consequence, somewhat the worse for wear.

To rival this charming entertainment, Dr. Henry M. Field, the noted Traveler, the next week conducted us, in two short hours, through the heavy mists of England, and over the burning sands of the African deserts to the Indian Isles; now giving us a glimpse of gay Paris, and then taking us to the dense and gloomy jungles of India. Could this kindly gentleman realize the enthusiasm aroused by his description of life in regions strange and new to most of his listeners, and the influence of his charming personality during the half hour when he gave all an opportunity to grasp his hand, we are sure he would feel repaid for his night spent at Ingleside.

Though the traditional snowbanks and toboggan pleasures have failed us, December has been most



generous in providing two weeks of unequalled skating, and the new skating pond — our exclusive property — has been a delight indeed. Had you been on Terrace Place almost any cold afternoon you might have beheld a line of twenty or more girls, headed by Mr. Draper, start-



A PROFESSOR MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEEN.

ing merrily for the skating pond. The melancholy mien of our popular Professor of Athletics bespoke at times his prospect of clamping innumerable pairs of unmanageable skates, to say nothing of kneeling in an unecclesiastical manner on the coldest kind of ice while



he endeavored to make skating possible to some luckless maiden. Can we ever sufficiently appreciate his unselfish kindness?

Just here let me mention a little episode of December, interesting only to a chosen few, to be sure. Dainty sandwiches, festooned with blue ribbons, are not soon to be forgotten. Are they, Gussie?

The next event of excitement appeared to us in the shape of a final examination for the members of the Oriental and Greek History Classes. There is lots of fun at Ingleside, but, strange as it may seem, study interrupts our recreation at times!

Girls might have been seen this week wandering from house to house mumbling incoherently the long lists of Babylonian kings and chanting in a dreary monotone the names of the Greek Gods and Goddesses, while in the foreground a calm and dignified professor often stood, quietly calculating the average which this sort of frantic study would be likely to attain. Enough about examinations; truly I am trespassing on the rights of February.

The much looked forward to twenty-first arrived at last and found us all in the wildest state of anticipation. No bitter tears were shed at parting but various promises made by all to write to every girl in school as soon as home was reached. Many of these promises, I regret to say, were forgotten before we arrived in New York.

Vacation pleasures come now and my pen is powerless. No longer is one story the story of us all. How



many homes were happier because of our return ! And oh ! how happy were we because of the home holiday !

To all of us came the blessed Christmastide. The old year slipped into the past and we were at Ingleside again. Ninety-six had begun its history.

LILLIAN N. UNDERHILL.







### Tobogganing in '95.

---

WE 'VE heard of deadly Trolleys ;  
We 've heard of Strikes, besides ;  
We 've heard of many follies,  
But we 've felt Toboggan Slides.

We 've longed to cross the Ocean  
And Northern Seas explore,  
To make a great commotion  
By feats ne'er done before,



But when we least expect it,  
Unpitying Fate decides —  
Oh ! who would dare neglect it,  
And shun Toboggan Slides?



The Faculty with us we took —  
Are any within hearing?  
We trust "the Saints" will overlook  
Their *faculty* for steering !



In Algebra our courage wanes,  
In History we 're dense ;  
But the dullest of us has more brains  
Than to *jump a high board fence*.

Amid this great commotion  
Some beauty has been lost,  
Some powers of locomotion.  
Oh ! who shall count the cost ?

We started out strong-hearted,  
We started out most brave ;  
We started and — we parted —  
“ Glory leads but to the grave ! ”

We came back sadder, wiser ;  
We came back, black-and-blue ;  
We 've left the sport of “ seeing stars,”  
Ye lucky ones, to you !

When melted are the snow and ice,  
And this fun is but a dream,  
For an amusement safe and nice  
We 'll form a Foot-ball Team !

TWO VICTIMS :

H. A. H., '95.

E. W., '93.





"BON VOYAGE."

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## The Travel Class.

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ONE of the pleasant memories of our Hickory Hearth Winter will always be the experiences of the Travel Class.

Fancy a circle of girls in front of the big stone fireplace, and clustered about the hearth. The wind is howling furiously outside, and the ground is white with snow; but in spite of wind and storm we are always ready for travel. The popular Professor is "in the chair," and, with an enthusiasm and interest which the future may never bring, we start on our ocean voyage.



An evening has been already spent in animated discussion as to the necessary provision for our comfort on the trip. The Professor has listened with an expression of despair on his benevolent countenance, as the list, longer and longer grown to accommodate the various whims of the feminine mind, seems almost beyond the capacity of the most capacious Cunard Steamer. Preventives of sea-sickness have been discussed at length, and the circle about the hearthstone has really almost felt the pitching and tossing of the vessel, and imagined that the splash of the giant waves was in their ears.

Evening after evening, with Baedeker as our text book, we have traveled from place to place. English lanes and hedges have become familiar objects, as we have talked them over with the various photographs and Mrs. Black's never-failing codacs in our hands.

We have sat where Shakespeare sat, literally changing places on the old Shakespeare chest, the treasure of Hickory Hearth, while we have fancied ourselves in Stratford-on-Avon; the wonders of London, Westminster, St. Paul, Hyde Park, have been presented, one by one, and the London streets, even the best chop-houses and the most desirable shops have been discussed. We have visited the "land-o'-cakes," and have mused over the stones where Scott wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in the shadow of Melrose Abbey, and after visiting Abbotsford have stood beside his tomb at Dryburg.

Occasionally friends from the village have come in, to enjoy the beauties of the old world with us, bringing their personal experience, and incidents of their own



travel to make our study more real. "What I did last Summer when abroad" has been on the lips of many of the fortunate girls of the class, and Mabel and Cora have lived over again their vacation pleasures for our amusement. No visitor has been so thoroughly appreciated, so warmly welcomed as Miss Boyer. Her years of life abroad, her art study, her store of knowledge, her riches in photographs and prints have all been at our service; perhaps what has helped us most, has been her real interest in our improvement, her real liking for the girls who so really like her. Surely, we owe her a debt of gratitude for extricating us, by means of her elaborate explanations and her pictures of the various cathedrals, from the terrible conglomeration of Byzantine Romanesque Gothic and Renaissance Architecture, in which we seemed hopelessly involved.

The days of the Travel Class are over now, and the Baedekers are thrown aside. The fire has burned out on the hospitable hearthstone, and our imaginary journeyings are done.

In the future we may travel far and wide; but, surely, no good luck, in the days to come, can bring us pleasures without annoyances, comforts without inconveniences, such a jolly company as we were on our imaginary trip, nor a guide so wise and kind as our Professor.

MAY HEWITT.





## The Story of January.

---

“Janus am I, oldest of potentates !

Forward I look and backward, and below.

I count—as god of avenues and gates—

The years that through my portals come and go.

I block the roads and drift the fields with snow.

I chase the wild fowl from the frozen fen ;

My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,

My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.”

—Longfellow.

JANUARY, usually shuddered and frowned at, was welcomed by all Ingleside, for now came the chance for skating sleighing and other sports, which only midwinter can afford.



No sooner had we returned from our respective homes with thoughts of a hard term and long examinations, than fine weather came; and, with the storms, all our fears departed.

We had resolved to have a good time; but even had we made no such resolutions, how could we resist the fun, — especially when a skating-pond was provided, sacred to Ingleside. We could now glory in the invigorating exercise. Immediately every one purchased a stick for “Hockey,” and one by one timid girls grew braver and tried the ice for the first time. Our pond, with all its sweet seclusion, is only over the river, where Guarding Mountain protects us from the heartless winds of Winter. Probably many of you girls have never thought that, years ago, savages inhabited this very spot. Here old Waramaug stationed his guard on the mountain above the pond, and the forts of the Scatacook tribe covered the ridge called Fort Hill, which circles around the plain below. Sometimes we fancied the Indians would have thought us members of their tribe, had they returned to claim their own. Certainly, Golf capes are more civilized than gaudy blankets; but our shrieks and gesticulations might have been mistaken for the savage war-whoop, and two of our maidens indulged in a language which could easily have passed for the ancient Scatacook.

Lovely as the skating was to us all, there was one unfortunate, Miss Skillin, who was deprived of its pleasures for awhile by illness. This is particularly to be noticed because it was her first absence from school duties for five years. Oh! that we could boast of such a record!



Ingleside not only partook of out-door sports, but also enjoyed the month in many other equally notable ways. One night the "Cuckoos" mysteriously invited us all to a Salmagundi party in the Drill Room. As I have mentioned by whom we were invited, it is needless to add any more. We all know the "Cuckoos'" ability in the way of entertaining. One night, cries of delight were heard from the old, *old* girls, and upon inquiry we learned that "Needles" was coming with her sister "Buttons." Of course we had no chance of seeing "Needles" that evening, as she was claimed immediately by the girls who knew her. At Saturday's Fireside we were all introduced. "Buttons," we learned, was to make her home with Mrs. Black at Hickory Hearth for the year.

Saturdays were received with especial delight this month, for the Cake Sales were renewed. Poor Mother Hunt was besieged with questions and orders on such occasions. Sometimes the orders exceeded the number of cakes, and, to our dismay, we were obliged to wait until the next sale.

I shall end the month with the Cobweb Party, whose complex construction reminded us the next day (by stiff limbs) that it was indeed a snare. The School and Drill Rooms were open to the partakers, who assembled there at seven o'clock. The lassies, in their gymnastic suits, were certainly ready for work. At first, the task of unwinding so many strings was discouraging; but after many contortions, and after twisting ourselves into unheard of postures, we succeeded and were rewarded by a prize



found at the end of each string. Augusta was quick enough to unravel her web first, and received an extra prize for her adroitness. Don't think for a moment by all this that January ended in a tangle. Indeed, I think our smoothest and nicest times came in this month. To be sure, there were a few knotted brows, when thoughts of February examinations *would* thrust themselves upon us; but — that 's another story.

EDWINA HAMMOND.







GREAT FALLS, NEAR LOVER'S LEAP.



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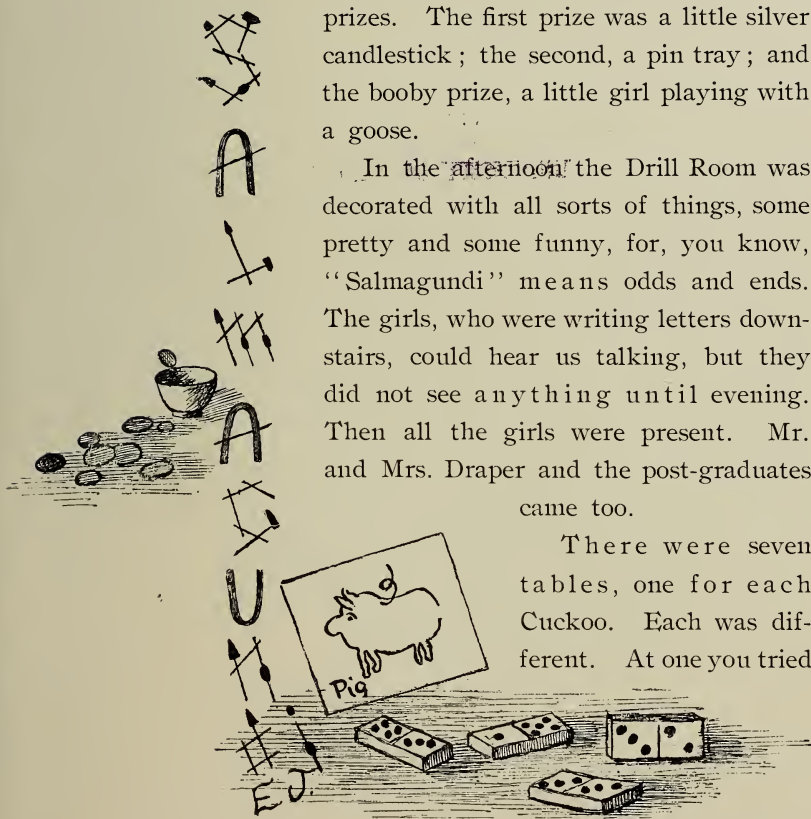
## The Salmagundi Party.

ONE day last Winter, the Cuckoos, who are never behind in anything, decided that it was their turn to entertain the girls. So, after much discussion, we gave a Salmagundi Party.

Saturday morning we chose the prizes. The first prize was a little silver candlestick; the second, a pin tray; and the booby prize, a little girl playing with a goose.

In the afternoon the Drill Room was decorated with all sorts of things, some pretty and some funny, for, you know, "Salmagundi" means odds and ends. The girls, who were writing letters downstairs, could hear us talking, but they did not see anything until evening. Then all the girls were present. Mr. and Mrs. Draper and the post-graduates came too.

There were seven tables, one for each Cuckoo. Each was different. At one you tried





to draw a pig with your eyes shut. At the others were dominoes, cards, jackstraws, and tiddle-de-winks. It was very funny to watch Mr. Draper at the table where they were threading needles. He did not seem to be used to it.

When the games were over, we were very glad to give the prizes to two of the "Studios;" but we were even more glad when we saw one of the seniors take the booby prize. Do you wonder why?

ELSIE JONES.



### At the Organ.

I N the quiet little chancel  
Vaulted rafters echo fair,  
While the music softly, sweetly  
Floats upon the mellow air.

Through the window streams the sunlight  
O'er a girlish figure there,  
Turning with its brilliant color  
Into gold her shining hair.

Thus she sits there at the organ,  
Fingers straying o'er the keys —  
Keys that answer to her bidding  
With the sweetest melodies.

May her own life-song re-echo  
These sweet strains from discords free,  
And the minor chords that enter  
But complete the harmony.

LAURA M. POST.

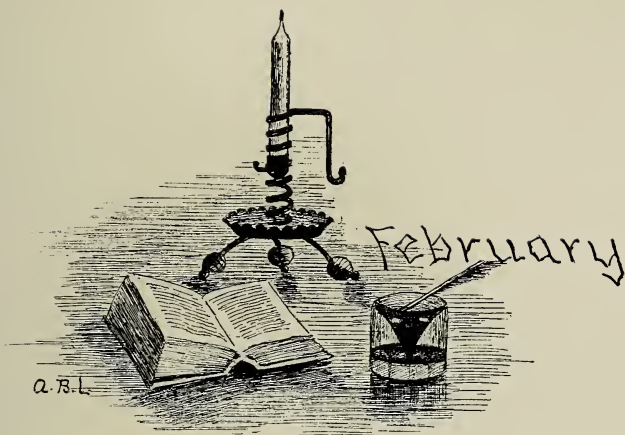






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## The Story of February.

"February makes a bridge, and March breaks it."

—Herbert.

ALTHOUGH, out of doors, this month was one of the most dismal and stormy we have seen, who has ever heard of such gaieties as occurred within, during the twenty-eight days that constituted February?

On the evening of the first, the Golf Club gave a long-to-be remembered "Minstrel Show," which everyone said was a great success, even those who took part; and who should know better than they? The entertainment consisted of songs and jokes and stories, all the very latest, the songs being composed by a few gifted ones of the Club.

Two or three days later, we had the first sleigh-ride of the season, and even if the snow was neither so clean



nor so plentiful as it might have been, still the ride was a jolly one. We really did feel sorry for the horses when we went through that well-known covered bridge; but were we not amply repaid for doing so, by the sudden appearance of two of our friends, taking their usual afternoon drive? No need to say how glad they were to see us.



"A STRAY CUCKOO IN THE FIRST SNOW."

Then came a day when there was much excited whispering among the "Pansies," and, that night, two happy, but dreadfully frightened girls, Kop and Hattie, were welcomed into the Pansy Garten, with all the mysteries of initiation. No one had need to ask how they were treated, for did they not appear at breakfast



the following morning, with court-plaster enough to satisfy the outside world, and thumping headaches for their own inner gratification?

But, as the saying goes, "The bitter with the sweet." Before we realized it, half-yearly "Exams" were upon us. Why is it that the Faculty always seem to delight in prolonging our agony of suspense at such times, and



THE OLD WIGWAM.

refuse to tell us our marks until the last paper has been handed in, "the last gun fired?" This February proved no exception to the general rule, and in one of the anxious intervals between "Exams," we tried to satisfy ourselves by writing the following, a kind of prophetic honor roll, on the School Room board,



## ROLL OF HONOR.

## DISTINGUISHED.

Miss Crib,  
Miss Blank,  
Miss Some One,  
Miss Brains.

## SATISFACTORY.

Miss Hope Fulle,  
Miss Pass Able,  
Miss Al Most,  
Miss Per Haps,  
Miss May Bee.

## MUSIC.

Miss De Linquent,

Miss Try Again.

## VOCAL.

Miss A. Flat,  
Miss C. Sharp,

Miss B. Natural,  
Miss L. Acci. Dental.

## CHORUS.

The Misses Holler and Screech.



FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

We must here say, when the reports were finally read, the record was one of the best Ingleside has ever known.



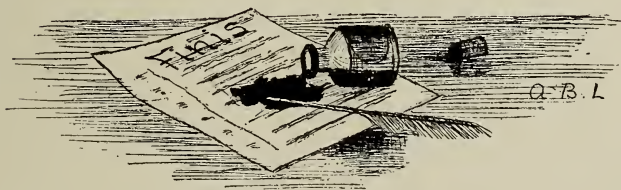
The old Wigwam dear to the old girls disappeared this month, but is to reappear soon on Hickory Hearth. Then hurrah for bowling parties and tournaments!

On the evening of Saint Valentine's Day came the all-important and never-to-be-forgotten dance. But the description of that I will leave to another maiden, who enjoyed herself beyond words.

Surely one would suppose that by this time, each and every girl must have been tired out. Nevertheless, the next afternoon, the "Halls" and "Studios" turned out in gay array to receive their guests of the previous evening, and many dark-coated figures of the other sex were to be seen strolling about Terrace Place, an unusual event in the annals of Ingleside.

Shortly after, Lent began. So the 22d passed quietly. With the exception of the Half-Yearly Musicale, and the Seniors' expedition, a whole day spent with Miss Boyer, at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, nothing happened to disturb the tranquillity of those last few February days.

HARRIET MCNEIL.





## The Valentine Dance.

---

WE had been anticipating February fourteenth with much the same ardor that the small boy looks forward to the Fourth of July; and when the day finally came, our joy knew no bounds.

Immediately after school "The Committee," and you know what a wonderful committee the I. E. C. always is, went to work in the Drill Room.

The demand for step-ladders, scissors and twine far exceeded the supply; girls were here, there and everywhere—all talking at once. Is n't it funny how girls always talk at once during such a time?

The decorations were mainly in honor of the day, and hearts great and small were waiting to be placed. We think we may safely say that no one of that committee ever had so many hearts at her feet before. The ceilings gradually took on the gay coloring, and, decked in the red-and-white, presented a most festive appearance; while the obnoxious dumb-bells and Indian clubs hid themselves away behind masses of evergreens.



Any one seeing the school-room could never have imagined what it really was. All the big tables had been removed to give room for dancing. Yale flags, Princeton flags, and Harvard flags hung on the walls, and through the kindness of the owner of the Attic Studio, we filled up mantels and shelves most artistically. One cast, being hailed with cheers, occupied the place of honor. It was a tiger to gladden the hearts of the Princeton men. To be sure, some one was unkind enough to say that it was really a lion—but whether it was or whether it was n't, matters not. It was a tiger that evening. If it wanted to be a lion afterwards, no one had any objections. But how hard we did work to get it all done! So hard, that finally Mother Hunt insisted upon our taking some rest, and we went somewhat reluctantly to our rooms.

The Dance really began at eight o'clock; but the "Ushers" were in the Drill Room long before, to do their duty by any one who might come earlier. Right here we want to say that those ushers feel as if their names should be handed down to future generations in capital letters. For was n't it dreadful to catch those masculine names, and was n't it dreadful, in the confusion, to remember them long enough to deliver to Mrs. Black and the waiting seniors, and was n't it dreadful if they did once in a while forget? And to think, despite it all they covered themselves with glory, certainly merits a reward.

After dancing for quite a while, we began to wend our way to the dining-room, where real St. Valentine's Day refreshments were served. Dainty little hearts



pierced with arrows was the predominating shape of the cakes and ices.

We were kindly allowed the use of the Attic Studio ; but as no dancing was done up there, the precious casts are still intact.

The hour of eleven soon came.

We had hung a flag over the face of the school-room clock, and some one very cutely asked if we were “flagging Father Time ;” but although that may have been our purpose, it failed in its undertaking, and eleven only seemed to come the sooner, — the time to say adieu.

We felt ourselves quite incapable of thanking Mrs. Black sufficiently for one of the most delightful evenings in our school life.

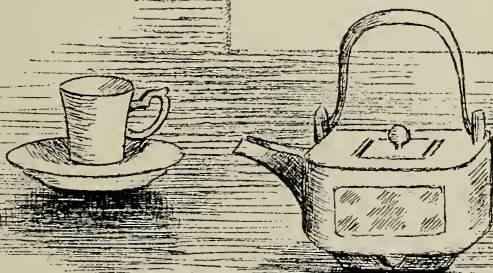
JANET KNAP.



## Tea in the Attic Studio.

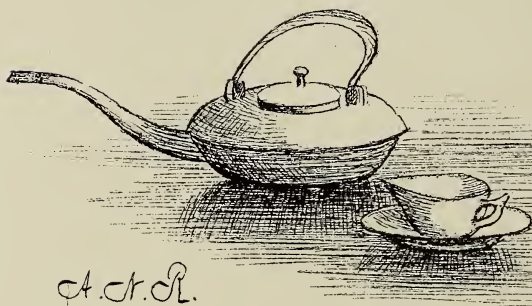


**D**NE Saturday Miss Boyer invited all the Cuckoos to take afternoon tea in the Attic Studio. If you have ever been fortunate enough to visit this our pleasantest class-room at Ingleside, you will remember the low doorway at the head of the stairs. Looking through this, as we entered, what



A. R. R.





should greet our eyes but a little teapot steaming away; and, better still, a large chocolate cake bought especially for us at the cake sale.

As you may suppose, we were not slow to enjoy this repast; and, after we had finished, we wandered around the room to our heart's content, all examining Miss Boyer's pretty things.

The Art Room is decorated with many curious Japanese vases, and teapots of all sizes and shapes; little figures carved in ivory, and queer lamps, until one would almost think oneself in Japan instead of at Ingleside. The funniest of all were two little Japanese dolls whom the girls have called, for fun, "Paul



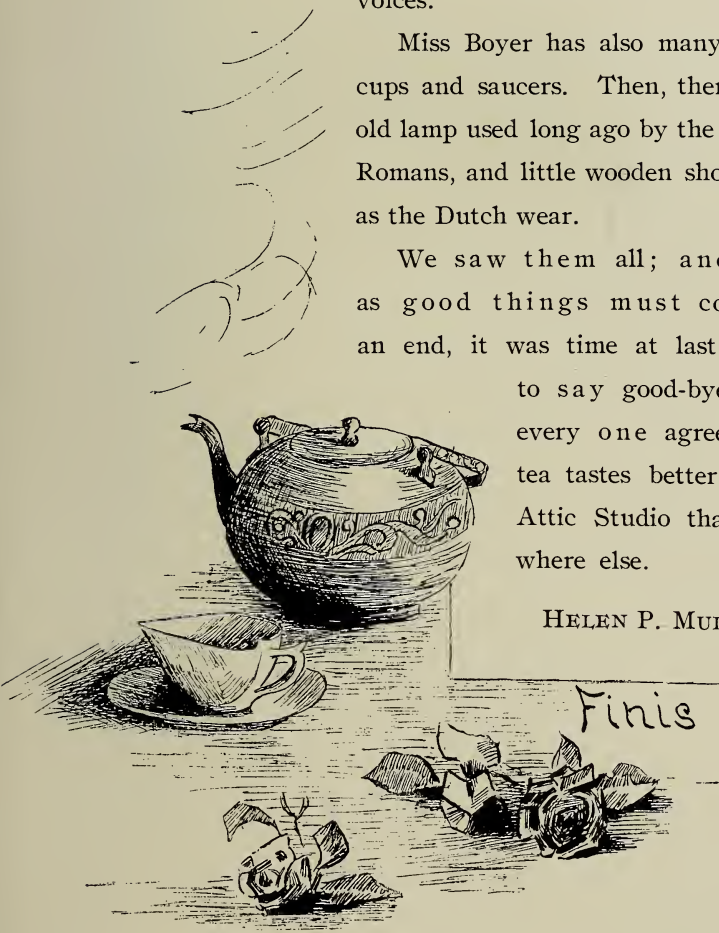
and Virginia." They are supposed to squeak, but have been handled so much by meddlesome fingers, that I am afraid they have lost their voices.

Miss Boyer has also many dainty cups and saucers. Then, there is an old lamp used long ago by the ancient Romans, and little wooden shoes such as the Dutch wear.

We saw them all; and then, as good things must come to an end, it was time at last for us

to say good-bye; but every one agreed that tea tastes better in the Attic Studio than anywhere else.

HELEN P. MULLIKEN.







THE ROBIN —'96.

## The Robin.

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**A**N impartial judge would not hesitate long in pronouncing the Robin, our Senior Cottage, a most picturesque and ideal little home for "five little robins." So prettily situated as it is, a little farther up Terrace Place than the other houses, it commands a fine view of the neighboring cottages. The inmates being Seniors, and, of course, gifted with wonderful judgment, consider it far superior to any of the others. From the balcony which graces the front, the Seniors deign now and then, to look down on the world at large, who gaze upward with envy in their hearts. We must not











forget a late addition to our circle, a little maltese kitten, which goes by the name of "Ninety-six." Every afternoon it delights us by taking its "essential exercise" on the aforesaid balcony.

Ours is a versatile house, musical as well as intellectual. It has a noted songstress who warbles "from early morn till dewy eve." Her repertoire consists of — well, why bother to record. Her maxim is, "old things are best."

Then, too, we have a gifted pianist, who, when study hour is over, rings forth from out the grand piano melodious sounds, while playing her well-known and familiar "518."

But our most gifted member is a "Special," who, on special occasions, cheers us on to the goal of our ambition by her efforts in oratory; and often, if the truth be known, may be discovered going into raptures over her many (?) charms, and gesticulating wildly before her hand-mirror. This fair maiden has a room-mate, she of the soft and juicy voice. Every morning she is heard singing, "Where is dat 'ittle tat." —

Last, but not least, comes our intellectual President, who regards little "Ninety-six" with disdain, and is continually quoting, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Nevertheless, we often find her wasting her time on him. We hope he appreciates the honor, coming, as it does, from a great musician whose rhapsodies are sometimes interrupted by sounds from above.

At times our house has presented the appearance of a chemical laboratory, for the three "Regulars" are




wont to perform dangerous experiments, much to the distress of the "Specials," who flee in terror when "chemicals" are mentioned.

How quickly the weeks have gone to the privileged Seniors! Perhaps the time has been aided in its flight by our manifold privileges. Nearly every afternoon has found us returning from Borelli's, laden with bulging paper bags which have excited the envy of those out for "essential exercise."

Oh! these happy days! When we have separated, perhaps never to meet again, shall we not, in all the years to come, think with a quickening of the heart of our dear old cottage, and the many joyous days spent together under its roof; when in the midst of the hard study which ever devolves upon a Senior, we found some hours in which to be gay and have jolly, funny times. When we return as Alumnæ we will stand on the little porch, and with thoughts of the old times and the old happy days surging through our hearts, the familiar call ringing in our ears, we shall forget that "girlhood" is behind us, and, with one unanimous voice, shout as in bygone days:

O-WE-WI-WOW  
A-LA-KA-ZU-KI-ZOW  
IP-SIDI-I-KI  
PLUMB-BUMB-YI-DI  
HA-HA-YI-HO  
PEDA-BALOO-BALEE  
RA-RE-RO-RIX  
RING-CHING-CHANG  
EIGHTEEN-NINETY-SIX  
ZIP-BOOM-BANG!





## Story of March.

---

"With rushing winds and gloomy  
skies

The dark and stubborn Winter dies!"

—Bayard Taylor.

**M**ARCH came in with  
a hurricane. Tem-  
pests on the sea and  
blizzards on land. Ingle-  
side nearly blew away,  
and even Hickory  
Hearth shivered in the  
blast. Spite of all,  
the school work went  
on, however, and even  
"essential exercise"  
received due at-  
tention.

March



One day we determined to photograph ourselves in the wind, and here you see how we had to cling to a tree to keep still. A big rain storm came and raised the river till we nearly had a flood ; then the electric light went out and we wandered about with candles for several nights, much to Miss Pennybacker's discomfiture and to



our delight, for "variety is the spice of life," and there was very little variety at Ingleside this month.

The Faculty, by twos and threes, consulted a great deal, in a dangerous way, and we believe they concocted many of their dreadful examination schemes during that depressing weather.





HOP SCOTCH.





We played "hop scotch" on the pavement for diversion, polished up our wheels, took codacs — did almost anything in recreation hours. One fireside meeting relieved the monotony, but it seems, as we look back on it, that we did a great deal of "obligatory study,"



because we had to, and a great deal of "optional Lenten church-going," because we chose to, and that there is very little to record.

Wind! Wind! Wind is the thing we remember, and actually we had to cling together like this to get from house to house.





März 1896.

---

N OCH einmal zieht der Winter ein  
Mit seinem Schneegezicht,  
Und hüllt die grosse, stille Welt  
In einen Mantel dicht.

Im Garten, Baum und Rosenbusch  
'S ist Alles zugeschneit ;  
Jedoch, wir Alle wissen wohl,  
Der Frühling ist nicht weit.

SUSIE L. NELSON.







THE ICE BOOM.

### The Last Snow-Storm.

---

SILENTLY the snowflakes fell, and loudly did we girls rejoice. It had been a "green" winter indeed, and we felt as if we had been cheated out of our season's sport — no tobogganing, no snow-balls, no sleighing! First, "the river broke up," as they say about here. There was a big ice boom and we all went to see it. Then the bitter cold seemed over and the snow began to fall.

The Cuckoos celebrated the event by erecting a statue in the front yard. It was much admired as a work of art. Samson-like, its glory and strength lay in its hair. Its Apollo-like features and graceful pose showed it to be



modeled on Delsarte principles. Only too soon the wind and rain destroyed it, together with the rest of the snow.

However, before this dire calamity occurred, we received an invitation to go sleighing with the Rectory boys. At half after three o'clock we started: four happy loads of girls and boys; and when we were beyond the limits of the town, we gave vent to our feelings in college songs, calls, rounds, and the like. These were accompanied by the tinkling notes of a banjo. A special feature of the occasion was a "call," made up by us, on the spur of the moment, in honor of the Rectory. The compliment was returned by a song in which the Ingleside girls figured as heroines. The time passed so quickly, that before we realized it, our faces were turned homeward. But we were consoled for this, in part at least, by the bags of cakes which appeared, hailed with joy by everyone.

All too quickly did we find ourselves standing on the steps at Terrace Place watching the sleighs disappear, our minds filled with pleasant recollections of the kindness and courtesy of the Rectory boys.

WINNIBEL CLARKE.





The  
Story of  
April.

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" Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill ;  
The plough-boy is whooping —  
    anon — anon ;  
There's joy in the mountains ;  
There's life in the fountains ;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing ;  
The rain is over and gone."

— WORDSWORTH.



April

F.F.H.



INGLESIDE saw few showers this April, but she did not lack flowers, for, on the thirteenth, back came the Pansies ready for work after the Easter vacation.

By the grave eyes and serious faces on all sides, you might have supposed amusements to be out of the question, for some time at least, but we had scarcely settled into the customary routine of school life, when the dancing class finished its course and gave a german in honor of the occasion. No need to relate further particulars of this happy event, for are they not chronicled in another chapter?

With the warm, bright weather came out-of-door sports. Golf, for a while, held our attention. Then, as the last traces of snow and frost disappeared, the all-absorbing bicycle captivated us. We smile now at our sister cyclists of the city, and that smile grows broader if they complain of "cobble," or such small matters. As long as the New Milford Boulevards do not incline at an angle greater than forty-five degrees, we are undismayed. A few favored ones prefer their saddles, with stirrups and a good horse attached, and these assure us that no one who has not participated in horseback riding can understand true sport.

The advent of the flowers took us over fields and into wood on many an expedition. Who will forget the



long ride to Stillson Hill, and the merry party, searching under leaves and stones, for the first pink arbutus buds?

Was it a chance happening that the Saint Cecilia Club was organized just as the birds began to sing? Although not properly an Ingleside Club, we must



THE FIRST VIOLETS.

mention it here, for many of us joined it at the very first, and heartily have we enjoyed our part in the choral services on Sunday evenings. As one of our number said: "We do not doubt that our choir will soon rival Dudley Buck's."



One girl was initiated to the mysteries of the Pansy Garten this month. To everyone's surprise, she lived through the ceremonies, although the outsiders thought she looked rather worn the next morning.

Hickory Hearth has a new inhabitant. A beautiful white English setter is Mrs. Black's constant companion,



and he guards the house on the hill by day and by night.

There has been a new arrival at Ingleside, also, this month, one which created a great sensation,—the Senior Cat! Concerning his character we may safely say, his kittenish ways are wholly unaffected, and his dignity is borrowed from his title, "Ninety-six."

ALICE E. BLISS.



## What We Advertise to Do and What We do Do.

---

ALL the year the bulletin boards have borne their heavy burdens of notices without any signs of being tired, although they do look slightly worn and scarred. No matter how pinched they may be for space, or how disfigured by unintelligible sentences inscribed by some ambitious Junior, generally relating to recent political news—they never register a complaint. The board belonging to the Golf Club, in particular, looks old and wrinkled, and frequently its face is covered with lines, one under the other—for emphasis, you would be told, if you asked.

Despite any rough handling or slurs they have suffered the day before, they bear no malice, and every morning their clean-washed faces greet us with a shine. May they long hang in their familiar places to remind us all of the “great” classes of '96, '97 and '98!

\*            \*            \*

After breakfast, at noon, and even after dinner, we see a number of girls appear in short skirts, and gaiters that look most business-like. If you notice, you will see



the girls are prepared for a spin on their bicycles; they would probably say they were going on their wheels, but to the uninitiated it looks more as if they were going on their heads. In an hour, perhaps, they return; their faces "kissed by the sun," as the poet has it; very hot, dusty and out of breath, to be greeted with the inevitable, "Had a good time?" and to answer with their enthusiastic, "Perfectly splendid!"

The hotter and more uncomfortable they look, the more they seem to have enjoyed themselves. It sets you nearly wild to watch them moving along so smoothly, when, very likely, you yourself have never been on a wheel, or, at the best, can only *just* keep your balance by dint of much care and watchfulness.

Probably the happiest girls at "Ingleside," at their happiest moments, are the riders on their horses, when they feel their feet in the stirrup and good mounts under them. As they trot away, all worries as well as pleasures sink into nothingness—even the envy of the bicyclist has entirely disappeared by the time they have finished a first canter.

The girl who can ride neither one nor the other contents herself with driving. These sports, with tennis, golf, croquet and walking, make "out-of-doors" at Ingleside in the Springtime.

CAROLINE M. ROBERTS.



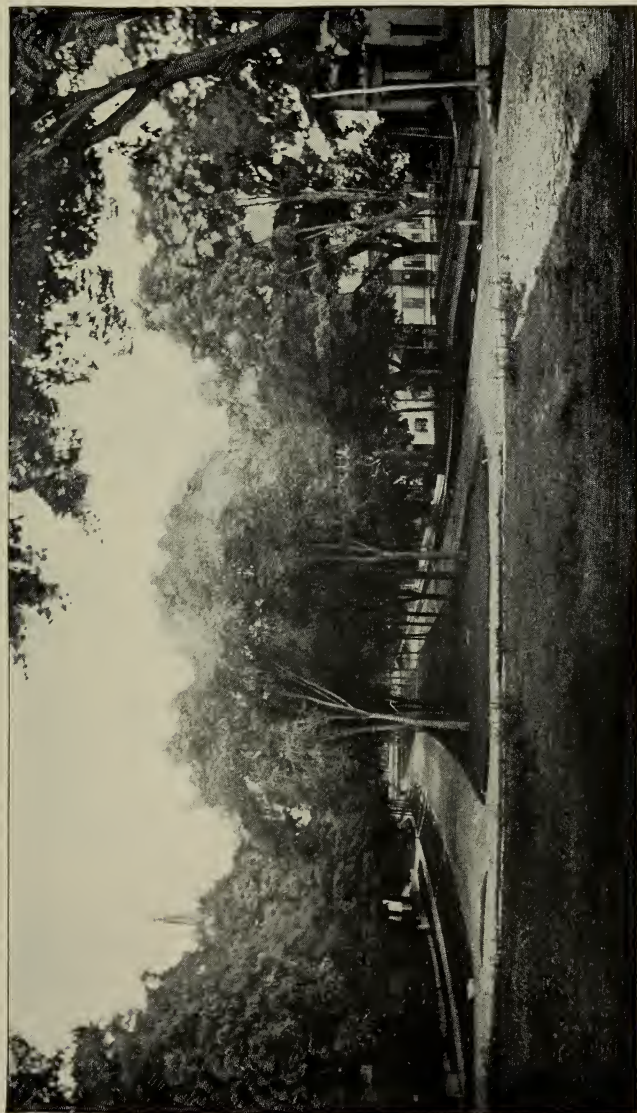
### New Milford and its Legend.

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HAD you chanced, many years ago, to wander amid the Berkshires, you might have come unexpectedly upon a little village, hushed to slumber by the Housatonic's gentle lullaby, and sleeping as peacefully as when the Indians gave place to the "White Man," and stealthily crept away, with tomahawk and scalping-knife, up the river, where they disappeared into regions of untrammelled obscurity. But, even as Endymion's trance-like sleep was gently transmuted into soft awakening by the fond presence of Diana, so, ere yet many generations had passed away, there came, from all parts of this land, many juvenescent Dianas, in the shape of noisy school girls, the united chorus of whose voices, and the potent charm of whose commingled grace, soon electrified with new life this child of Nature, this sleeping Endymion, this ancient village of Weantinaug, this much-beloved village of New Milford.

Now, through the quaint streets of this same village, where, after the Aborigines had passed away, Quaker damsels were wont to meet, and discuss in staid fashion the sins of their brethren, merry maidens in short skirts





THE VILLAGE GREEN, NEW MILFORD.



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fly about on their silent steeds, much to the terror of the nervous and uninitiated.

The streets themselves have changed less than the inhabitants; for the old Homesteads still stand guard over the highways and byways. The village green,



ALL SAINTS CHURCH AND RECTORY.

however, has quite outdone its highest anticipations, surmounted as it is to-day by a new Hotel, which attracts through these quiet streets many driving parties on their way to Lenox and Stockbridge.

Not far from the Hotel is Terrace Place. Pretty cottages border its sloping sidewalks, and here girls from



far and near come to pass the school year, and they grow as fond of the simple Ingleside cottages as though they were the stone mansion on the Hill.

Now this stone mansion is on that delightful plan of the old English home, low and long, and overlooks the landscape for miles around with becoming dignity.

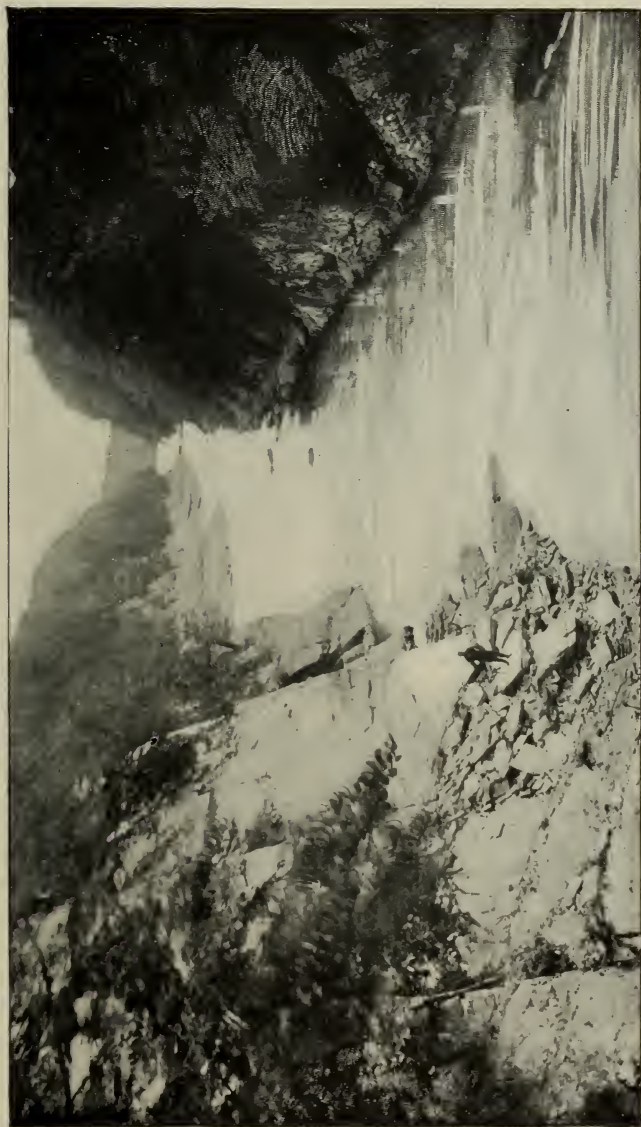
Not far distant, and bearing a likewise foreign aspect, is the little Church of "All Saints," which stands pronouncing its benediction upon all, and whose chime of twelve bells rings out holy greetings through the valley.

This valley and these Berkshire Hills have well been named the Scotland of America, and the Scottish game of Golf reigns rightly in their midst. Every afternoon, lasses in their Scotch plaids chase the balls, or stop to rest and gaze up the Housatonic, as with intricate windings it finds its way between the towering hills, and disappears around some distant curve.

The gay world has settled further in among the hills, leaving to a few, a fortunate few, the beauties of this peaceful valley.

Throughout the region are sylvan lakes and glens and waterfalls—"Green Pond," beyond "Monarch Mountain;" "Steep Rock," on the road to Washington; the lovely "Ismafloco Island," just above the "Merryall Bridge," and, further off, Lake Waramaug with its numberless attractions. Legends and stories manifold exist in connection with these localities; but none of these can compare with that spot not far from here, endeared to us not only by its charming scenery, but still more by the beautiful legend connected therewith. I read its





THE HOUSATONIC, BELOW LOVER'S LEAP.

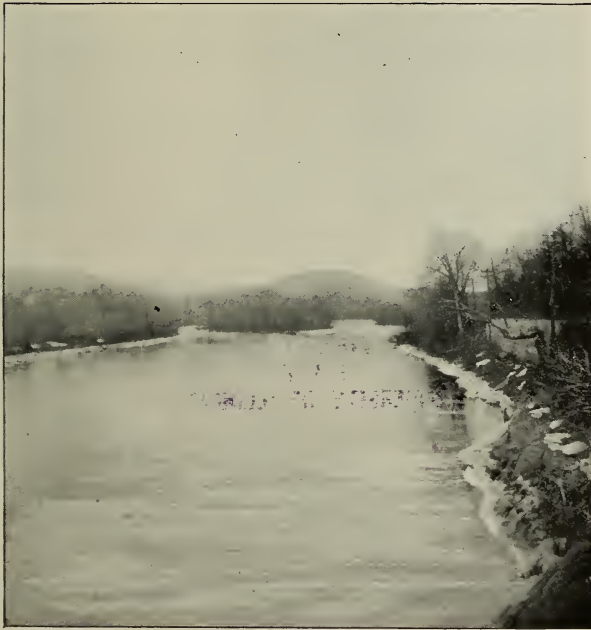


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name in all your faces, upon all your lips-- "Lover's Leap." Yes; the very name takes us back to the Tragedy enacted there so many years ago.

It is twilight. From between the rocky precipices, towering high, the river comes rushing through its



ISMAFLOCO ISLAND.

narrow gorge, reckless after its dizzy tumble from the falls above. On one of the ledges stands an Indian maiden. Her black hair in its straight masses about her head, vivifies her brilliant eyes and skin. Her hands are clasped. She is listening. Her "pale-face" lover was



to join her at that hour. If he fails her, she must marry her father's choice, or meet her death below.

Suddenly from behind, there is a crackling of underbrush. A moment more, and she is upon her lover's breast; his arms are about her. But can he protect her from her father's wrath?

Alas! no; for she must marry another, or prepare for instant death!

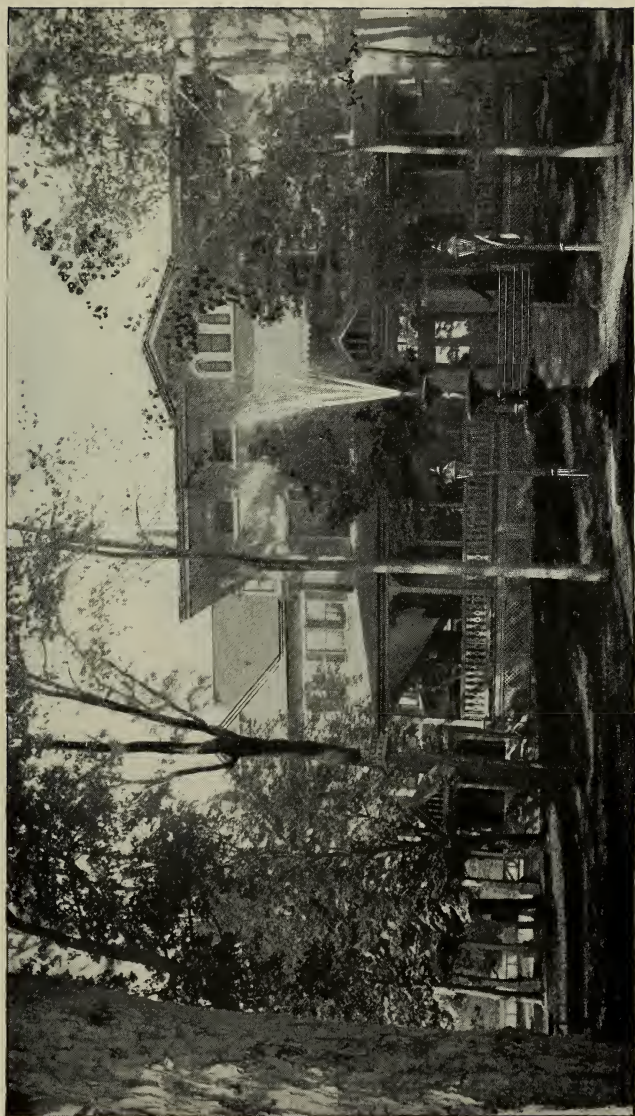
But, hark! Did you not hear it? That smothered cry, that sudden splash, and then naught but ominous silence!

Not even do the rocks of Waramaug utter their secret, as the river and its victims "sweep onward to eternity."

MABEL DU PONT COLVIN.







WEANTNAUG INN, NEW MILFORD.



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TALKING IT OVER.

### Our German.

---

GAY music, jingling of bells, and happy voices, greeted the ear as one entered the Drill Room on the evening of the German, that noted German which finished the course of dancing lessons given by Professor Newell.

All the afternoon of the twenty-first and twenty-second we girls spent in decorating. The stage was dressed in purple and gold, while the wall opposite bore the colors of the Rectory School.



Mrs. Black kindly furnished us with favors, and they made a pretty sight, arranged on tables either side of the stage. Nearby stood plenty of that great aid to dancing — lemonade.

Thus we were well fortified, and went through many intricate figures. There was a "Chariot Race," which, we are sure, rivalled that little affair in Ben-Hur; there was "The Greek Cross," the "Mysterious Hand," and "Blindman's Buff." One of the most amusing was that called "The Doughnut Figure," where two of the girls seated themselves on chairs in the center of the room, while three of the "Rectorys" were led up, and each presented with a doughnut. At Professor Newell's signal, the fun began. The two lucky ones who finished eating first, secured the waiting maidens.

Later in the evening, refreshments were served in the School Room, and then the dancing class of '96 dissolved.

EMMA COOKE,





## Die Strauss Familie.

---

A WONDROUS family, Strauss by name,  
Have taken their abode  
At Ingleside, to win some fame,  
And so, I write this ode.

Now, first of all, comes Papa Strauss,  
A bright and noble Herr,  
With stern command that rules the house  
And supercilious air.

Although he 's true to his dear wife,  
He likes the governess,  
Between the two there 's quite a strife  
— But let this matter rest.

Oliver G., the oldest son,  
Comes next upon the list,  
A brilliant lad and full of fun,  
His father's joy in this.

Rebecca Noseworthy, a lass  
So straight and tall is she,  
And brother Jacob cannot pass,  
A jolly lad is he.



Ikey, his father's little pet,  
Is our romantic chap,  
And never has his father yet  
Reproved him with a slap.

And next among this little band  
Is Rachel, Mama's joy,  
The prettiest child throughout the land,  
She never doth annoy.

Their governess, Miss Lobenstein,  
So charming and so sweet,  
And Papa Strauss thinks she is fine  
For she is so "petite."

Then uncle dear, who's E. Snodgrass,  
Has come to stay awhile.  
The children think none can surpass  
This uncle, for his style.

Then Mama Strauss, last but not least,  
Who's taken to the "wheel,"  
But Papa Strauss says she must cease  
For she's too old to "spiel."

Grandpa and Ma are growing old  
It's easy to perceive,  
And now this truthful story's told  
Of all, I do believe.

FLORENCE A. HAMMOND.





## Story of May.

"The leaflets will leap  
out to greet us,  
The crocus spring up-  
ward to meet us,  
The trailing arbutus  
entreat us  
To kiss her pink buds  
as we pass."

LOVELY month of May!  
We verily received her  
with outstretched arms,  
and with how  
much joy we





welcomed the long-looked-for flowers! And, with the greatest delight we enjoyed the Spring breezes which are so fresh and invigorating up here among these dear old hills.

The first Saturday, much to our surprise and pleasure, we were invited by Mr. Everest to attend the ball game between the Rectorys and the Gunnerys. Ribbons of red-and-white and ribbons of red-and-gray were at a premium. Hat-bands, shoulder knots, and "umbrella bows," whose ends fluttered bravely in the breeze and waved defiance at each other, helped, we are sure, to encourage the players. To the sorrow of many, but to the infinite joy of a few, the Gunnerys came out victorious.

To crown the excitement of the day, we all went up to Hickory Hearth to the last Fireside Meeting. Ruth Knowles won the Banner and the "Fero with a Kiro," and the applause which followed proved too much for poor Rex, who fled in terror to the skirts of his mistress. It was his first Fireside, you know. Perhaps he thought we were trying to initiate him into the Pansy Garten.

One day this month, girls sat "with fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red," plying not needles, but pencils, for the Fourth Term Algebra examination was going on. All the week before, girls were muttering equations under their breath, and we, who were free from such harrowing things, grew tired of "x, y and z," and wished they were truly "unknown quantities." But the results showed, beyond doubt, that they were the fruits of zealous labor, and



we cheered and rejoiced with maidens who had "met the enemy" and conquered.

The Golf Tournament that began last Autumn, and which the Winter winds had interrupted, was finished. We had Florence Browning to congratulate, for she took the honors and the natty little caddy bag as a reward for her strivings.



MILDRED AND\_DANDY.

One evening, about the middle of the month, we were told the startling news that we might all go to Washington on the following day, to witness another ball game between the Rectorys and Gunnerys. It would be hard to describe the scene which ensued. Were there many that denied themselves that pleasure? No, indeed! It would have taken more than dust and hot weather to have kept us from going. So the next day saw five teams of excited girls start from Terrace Place and wend their way over high hills, through blinding clouds of dust, to Washington. This game was much more exciting than the first; and, after many



a hard struggle, the Gunnerys again gained the day. We came back just as the sun was setting, and the beautiful shadows on the hills grew deeper and deeper, until they had darkened into twilight before we reached Ingleside.

On the seventeenth, the chimes (the beautiful memorial of Rev. Edward C. Bull), were heard for the first time. How eagerly we listened as the notes rang out and died away on the evening air! Every one said:—"Sh!"—and a breathless stillness came over us which lasted until the last note had trembled away. Now we hear them every Sunday; but each time the same quiet falls upon us girls. Somehow, we never talk then.

The Pansy benefit gave us another opportunity to hear Mrs. Hannibal Williams in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." It is truly needless to mention the enjoyment it gave us.

No hands or brains were idle toward the close of the month, for those who were rehearsing for one of the three celebrated plays, or practicing quartettes, duets or solos for the Musicale, were taxing their powers of invention to concoct a becoming costume for the Gypsy Queen. Even the Symphony Club, which has been a thing of every Wednesday evening, seemed to redouble its efforts.

The last thing to record is the "Robin Tea." We were invited from three until five-thirty. The Robin being the Senior house, was gorgeous in the '96 colors. The decorations of white and green blended so prettily with the gay cushions that were here, there, and everywhere, enticing one to sit down and stay far over their



time. We were entertained in a royal way, with refreshments from Maresi's; the cute souvenirs, consisting of little green frogs, tied by white satin ribbons to cards, bearing appropriate mottoes were laughed over, enjoyed and taken home, to remind us that the Robins, beyond a doubt, are exceptional hostesses, and have given us the pleasantest time of all with which to remember the close of '96 and the month of May.

EVANGELINE CAPE.





### **The Crickets' Life at Hickory Hearth.**

---

OUT of the darkness, the storm, and the gloom of a windy night in January, a new girl from a city far beyond these beautiful Berkshire Hills, opened the heavy iron-clamped door of Hickory Hearth, and stepped into a new life. The room was warm, with a ruddy glow which radiated from a huge fire of hickory logs, and the flames, roaring and crackling up the enormous stone chimney, seemed to bid the newcomer welcome. Figures and faces came out of the dark oak hall, and cordial hands were eagerly stretched forth in greeting. So the stranger, the last "Cricket" for the Winter of '96, became one of the Hickory Hearth family, and blending her chirp with the others, made the days merry, and the nights tuneful, as the year went on.

\* \* \*

Early one morning in June, before the dew had left the grass, three figures might have been seen wending their way towards the farm. They were hatless, and the light breeze blew their hair about in reckless abandon. With an air of perfect freedom and unrestraint, they raced along in greatest glee, like children upon an unlooked for holiday. They were the "Crickets" taking



"Buttons" to be weighed again; and woe to her if she did not tip the scales satisfactorily for the credit of Hickory Hearth! Having more than fulfilled all desired expectations, she was allowed for her good behavior to wander at her own sweet will among the cows, and Meerschaum 2d, and Belle Reinette, were made happy by her attentions. Lessons and practicing loomed up in the



dim distance, and so these would-be "Dairy Maids" were persuaded ere long, that study was a necessary evil. Back they turned, and walked, oh! very slowly, to prolong the pleasure as long as possible. They found at the door awaiting them, John, the "Hickory Hearth Oracle," with Rex, the faithful horse; then they knew that their brief vacation was over, and without delay disappeared over



the brow of the hill, trundling the weighty "Buttons" behind them.

\* \* \*

A terrific peal of thunder, and then a crashing sound, followed by a report like a pistol, and a brilliant glare of light flooded the rooms of Hickory Hearth, revealing a startled group. Mrs. Black and May, part way up the



staircase, were glancing anxiously at each others' apprehensive faces. Isabel, at the window in the alcove, had shrunk back in alarm as the dazzling flash shot into the room, and Flora and Miss Hill, in the hall below, stood with their mouths agape, as the thunder continued to roll heavily along the heavens; while Rex, with his tail tucked close beneath his body, rushed wildly up the stairs, and buried his head in the lap of his mistress,



trembling pitifully. A head appeared around the doorway; it was John, to learn if any harm had happened. The light abruptly disappeared, and a darkness, silent, save for the muttered thunder, covered all.

\* \* \*

“ ‘T ain’t candy, never will be; them chillun thinks ’t will, but yer can’t make candy ’tout Awleams molasses.” And Emma, our cook from the Sunny South, pulled the thin sticky fluid through her fingers, it must have been for the eleventh time. We “Cricketts” gazed at her doubtfully, but it surely was the truth, for the clock ticked on, and the candy came not. “Then, Emma, you must tell us some of your war stories until the candy boils.”

“Wa’ stories, wa’ stories? I dun know no wa’ stories; I’s only for cooking; you go ask Harris, he knows a lot of ’em. Why, he was on the South’n side, an’ he dun run away one night, when de smoke was so thick yer could cut it wid a knife, and, la! when de Yankees foun’ him, he was as weak as a baby; but I seed de Yankees run at Bull Run; dey runn’d all day, and dey runn’d all night, fer three nights an’ days runnin’. I was at Mount Vernon du’ring de wa’; staid der all de time; but, chillun, the candy’s b’iling, I can’t tell yer no wa’ stories; yer go ask Harris, he ’ll tell ’em to ye’.” And Emma grasped the handle of the kettle with both hands, and started across the kitchen; but the molasses, in a sudden freak, boiled high above the pot, and she in frantic haste made a zigzag rush for the sink, while we scattered before her, giving wide room to her mad career. However, the candy cooled hard, and we ate it.



A gentle tapping upon our doors by "Gussie," awakens us to the fact that it must be seven o'clock, and that we have a new day to live at Hickory Hearth. Hastily dressing, we tread softly down the stairs, and out upon the piazza, to obtain our bearings, as it were, before the first dewy freshness of the morning has worn away. The dining-room doors slide back, and breakfast is an-



nounced by a sun-tanned native of the Southern states; then are we greeted by our hostess, and a merry meal ensues. Our hunger appeased, Rex demands his share of attention, and then, also, our hands well-filled with sugar, we visit the stables and bestow unlimited petting upon each horse. But finally we are obliged to tear ourselves away, if we wish to reach school in time for



prayers; so, donning our capes, we bid farewell to Rex, who has leaped upon the stone parapet to watch us off, and we hurry through the orchard by the short-cut.

Busily we practice and study until, at the sounding of the triangle, we drop our books, and crowd around Miss Rinker, all demanding a letter in the same breath. In the midst of the hubbub, the bugle blows, and after



the required ten minutes we enter upon George's domain, where we regale ourselves with luncheon. Again our brains are restlessly employed until, as the shadows approach three o'clock, the doleful faces brighten, and the weary ones are filled with a new life. Then right briskly the wheels spin along the road, and the golf balls score no less than thirty-six, while tennis and riding hold no



second place in the sports of Ingleside. Wearied but happy, the "Crickets" climb the hill, and rest upon the piazza, vying with each other in their tales of the day.



Sometimes "Jen'le" is there, with that wicked Dandy, who always makes Rex jealous. But the day is not yet ended. In new attire, and with washed faces, the "Crickets" reappear, and after their dinner, *a la puntilio*, entertain with buoyant hearts all who may chance to visit Hickory Hearth. A dream-like recollection comes of the many times when they have listened in silent ecstasy for hours, bound by the magic of Mr. Clemence's music, and they still seem to listen, and to hear the wondrous harmony which came to them in the moon-lit church, when, with the feeling of the born



musician and the technique of the Leipsig graduate, he interpreted the wonders of Wagner, until the music seemed one marvelous inarticulate speech, and they were wafted into the infinite. Evenings that bring special memories like these, and those of every-day life, alike ended peacefully, and "the moon" in the upper hall arises and lights them to their beds, where sleep steals on, "as sleep will do when hearts are light and life is new."

\* \* \*

Before a large open fire place a young girl is lying restfully upon a thick bear-skin rug, and, with her head pillowed upon her arm, is gazing thoughtfully into the flames, though ever and anon, she bestows a loving pat upon the white English setter whose place she has usurped, and who mutely resents the imposition. The room is quiet but for the snapping of the burning wood and the musical tones of a lady, who, seated within easy reach of the lamp on the table, is reading aloud. Two other girls by the table are bending low over their fancy work, and with a tense expression about their mouths, ply their needles in silent swiftmess. The "Crickets" are all present, for the fourth maiden is ensconced upon the sofa in comfortable ease, and lies with her eyes closed, and a dreamy expression upon her face. The evening glides on until, as the story is finished, the hands of the clock point at half after nine, and our best evening of all, at Hickory Hearth, "the quiet evening," is but a remembrance.

ISABEL WHITE.



## The Senior Cat.

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GREAT excitement prevailed in the "Robin" a few days after the Easter vacation; there was a hurried consultation with "Buttons," and the mighty Seniors sallied forth from their palatial abode, joy, anxiety, and, it must be admitted, some terror, depicted upon their intelligent countenances. In about ten minutes they returned, the centre of an admiring crowd, bearing in their arms one who was destined to fill a lofty position, the dignity and power of which was only equalled by the graciousness and condescension of its occupant.

The Senior Cat was no longer a figment of the imagination; it had become a very playful, furry, maltese fact. It was at once christened "Ninety-six," partly because it was the mascot of that glorious class, and, partly, because it had nine lives and six toes.

What fun we did have with that small kitten, to be sure! I wonder how many times, O Robins! the walls of our stately mansion re-echoed with the sound of "Kop's" plaintive voice: "Oh, girls! come quickly! The cat is going to have a fit! It jumpeth!" But in spite of these daily alarms and the dark predictions of envious outsiders who have no pets, a fit is still a thing of the future.

One much-enduring individual remembers a certain morning when the spirit moved the "Cherub," as it is sometimes called, to gambol at half-past three, also the exceeding thoroughness and vivacity with which it obeyed the promptings of the spirit.



With what firmness and strength of character we "pursued the even tenor of our way" in regard to that



very important subject—its diet ! Heedless of all gratuitous remonstrances, we followed rigorously the course



marked out for us by "One-who-knew," and if "Ninety-six" does not follow the example of his illustrious namesake, and grow up to be both strong and beautiful, it will not be from any lack of the most assiduous care and attention in his youth. In proof of this we point proudly to the path from the Binderstrich to the Robin, which has become a veritable "Milky Way" through our efforts.

All of the brilliant and wonderful actions of this remarkable animal can not be related here; suffice it to say, that never, from the time when in his early infancy, we left him alone on the balcony, to the night he said "Amen" in the middle of the hymn at prayers; no, not even that terrible study-hour when the cry of "Lost Cat" resounded throughout Ingleside and the tearful Seniors rushed frantically about Terrace Place, making a very weird-looking torchlight procession as they examined the most unlikely nooks and crannies, by the light of their flickering candles; no, not even on that memorable occasion, nor before, nor since, has he ceased to cover himself with honor and glory.

EMILY W. SAILER, '96.





## “Feasts.”

---

THEY usually begin with the expressman. That is, they begin for us with him, and when the wagon appears, we, who are expecting the good things, race up the street and gather 'round as the man deposits the box on the office porch. In a short time the whole of Ingleside gathers about it, carefully reads the lucky maiden's name, and guesses on the contents.

It is only on Friday and Saturday afternoons that we girls can have feasts, anyway; so, imagine how we long for those days to come. Our mouths water the whole week through, in anticipation.

Holidays are feast-days, also. Washington's Birthday proved no exception to the rule. Poor George Washington! We wonder if he ever had a “box” himself, and enjoyed it as we do ours. We fear he only had a feast of “cannon balls and cartridges,” as the song goes. However, we feel vastly indebted to him for making himself immortal enough to institute a holiday.

Some one has said, “Enough is as good as a “feast,” but we never have seen anything one-half as good. The ice-cream, cake, and other goodies that go to make up a box never taste the same at other times; and, as for a bottle of olives—why, to the end of our days they will



be a delight to our eyes for the happy recollections they bring !

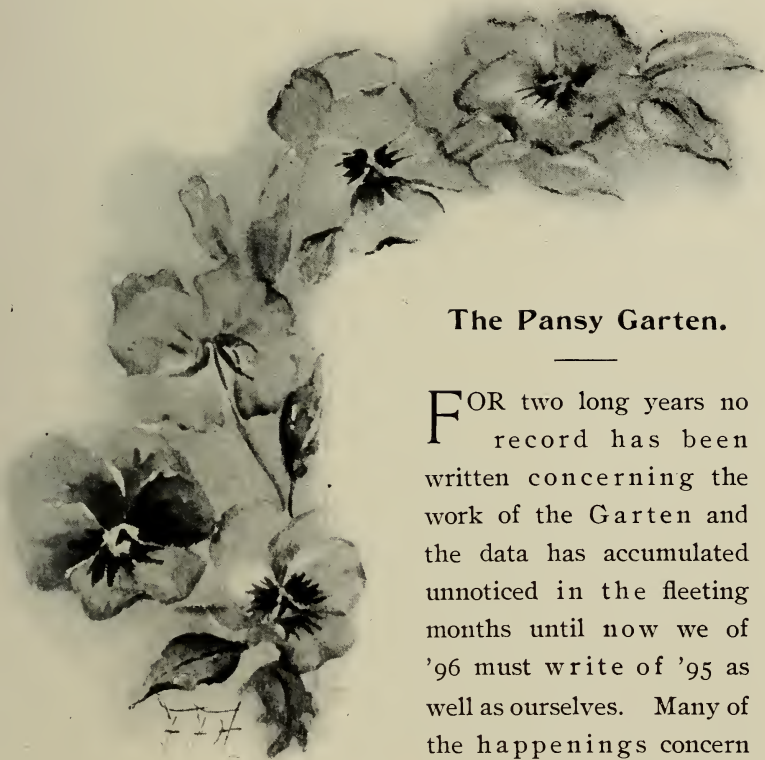
Sometimes we girls feel a trifle dilapidated after we have finished one of our bountiful repasts, and we learn the truth of Shakespeare's words—"They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing."

We wonder if the great dinners of the social world we may attend in later years will be one-half as delightful, as the times when we have sat perched on chairs and tables partaking of a "feast," where hat-pins did duty as forks, and one knife — a penknife, at that — served for all. But this much we do know: a "box" will give more genuine fun and satisfaction than anything else on a girl's list of pleasures.

AUGUSTA H. KNEVALS.







### The Pansy Garten.

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FOR two long years no record has been written concerning the work of the Garten and the data has accumulated unnoticed in the fleeting months until now we of '96 must write of '95 as well as ourselves. Many of the happenings concern only us who are fortunate enough to have been admitted into mysteries of the Garten.

To begin with '95. The pansy periods were successful and joyous ones, and new pansies bloomed on old bracelets, and new bracelets shone on the arms of those who had not labored in vain.



The '95 ribbon on our banner floats proudly and bravely among the others, bearing the names of five girls who were weighed in the balance and were not found wanting. The close of '95 saw the work of the original seven finished; finished, but not forgotten, for we, to whose waiting shoulders their mantle of dignity and office was transferred, can never forget what they have done. Recognizing our inefficiency it was with fear and trembling, not vanity and pride, that we went on with their labor, for we knew that we should have to strive hard to make our record as brilliant and brave as theirs.

To cheer and help us on, one of the seven came back to us for a time, our first Untergartner; came to Hickory Hearth, our new rallying place, where our dear Gartnerin reigns as queen, and where her loyal pansies joyfully meet her and hold sweet council together.

Here, too, the Fireside Meetings have been held, and triumphant maidens have, from month to month, received the banner from crestfallen, kneeling girls, to bear it proudly to their own fireside.

In the natural course of events, initiations have taken place, such as no pen outside could describe, or inside dare describe; the peculiar noises succeeded by cheers, all suggesting joviality, alone can be enlarged upon, for that is all that has come to the listening ears of the Unkrauts. They credit us only with mystery, little knowing the true work and worth that lies underneath. At other times Beförderungs have been celebrated, but here we are trespassing on secrets.





CLASS OF '95.



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



On a few tables little purple books have been found, securely fastened with golden locks. Most disappointing books are they to the curious outside world, for no key is ever found by them to make the volumes yield their treasures. The Pansies wear a knowing look when



WHAT IS GEHEIMNISS?

questioned, but, like the books themselves, decline to give up their secret.

The absent ones have furnished our pen almost as much material as those who have been here to clasp hands and repeat with us Tapfer, Ernst and Treu.



The scent of orange blossoms has quite overpowered us Pansies, who have been quietly blooming here in our secluded work, for news has come at different times, in the shape of wedding cards, telling us that two Stiefmütterchen have taken other vows than those imposed by the Garten. The heartiest congratulations are extended by the Garten to the two who have firesides of their own now, and it wishes them all the good things that life holds.

But here a serious question presents itself. What are we to do with those husbands when we have a Geheimniss of the Gesells, as we are always hoping to have, some day? We have never had such a weighty matter to ponder before. Girls, shall we have to make a new By-Law?

Mingled with this news of rejoicings there has been sadness, which has left its deep impression upon our hearts. The memory of the dear girl who ever proved herself our loyal, loving friend; and the thoughts of those past days, when she was one of us, has made us a little quieter at times, a little more thoughtful, a little more earnest in our ways. We have missed the brave Pansy who cheered us with her brightness, and, trusting always in her loyalty, the Garten has mourned her loss with sincere sorrow, realizing it will never have a truer or more faithful member. Although there are many things to perpetuate her memory, when we girls of the Garten had a Geheimniss to talk over the Lenten offering, the unanimous vote was — “A Window for Helen.” We gave a little benefit in which “A Midsummer-



Night's Dream" made our plans a reality, and the window is in its place to keep in continued remembrance the dear face, the dear heart of Helen Taylor.

The usual Pansy Day letters from the old girls make us realize that the days of '96 are over and its record almost ended; and as we gather at Hickory Hearth for our last Geheimniss, we trust and hope as we say "Aufwiedersehn," that the Summer months may only strengthen in the hearts of the Pansies the same brave spirit, the same earnest purpose, the same loyalty they have ever exhibited in the months that have gone.

AUGUSTA J. WHITE.



ALL SAINTS, WITH THE NEW BELL TOWER.





## BANNER GIRLS, YEAR OF '95.

ALICE DEWEY, - - - "*The Cuckoo.*"

1st and 2d Periods.

EDWINNA HAMMOND, - - - "*The Cuckoo.*"

3d Period.

ANNA FLETCHER, - - - "*The Hall.*"

4th Period.

KATHERINE DEWEY, "*The Cuckoo.*"

5th Period.

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## YEAR OF '96.

RUTH KNOWLES, "*The Hall.*"

1st and 6th Periods.

ANNA FLETCHER,

"*The Hall.*"

2d, 3d and 5th  
Periods.

WINNIBEL

CLARKE,

"*The Studio.*"

2d Period.

EVANGELINE

CAPE,

"*The Hall.*"

4th Period.



**Programme**  
...OF...  
**COMMENCEMENT WEEK**

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**Sunday Morning, June 7th**

AT 9.30 O'CLOCK

PRESENTATION OF WINDOW IN MEMORY OF HELEN M.  
TAYLOR, CLASS OF '96.

BY THE PANSY GARTEN.

MORNING SERVICE AT 10.45.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON—

REV. F. B. DRAPER.



*PANSY DAY***Monday Morning, June 8th**

AT 9.30 O'CLOCK

AT HICKORY HEARTH

GEHEIMNISS IN THE EVERGREENS—PANSY GARTEN.

AT 5 O'CLOCK.

TEA WITH THE GARTNERIN

OPEN MEETING—

Awarding of Bracelets, Sweepstakes Prize, etc., at six o'clock

GYPSEY OPERETTA, - - - - - FRANZ ABT

AT 7 O'CLOCK, ON THE LAWN

*MR. E. G. CLEMENCE, Conductor**Assisted by MR. C. H. BUTTERICK*

GYPSEYS:—Misses Bliss, Roberts, Gair, Thompson, A. J. White, Fletcher, L. Underhill, Carnahan, H. McNeil, Hewitt, M. Hewitt, I. White, Knibloe, Thorpe, Mulliken, Hopkins, Jones, Botsford, Booth, Kimlin, Colvin, Smith, Jennings, Lyons, Noyes, Boucher, Knap, Cooke, Nelson, Buck, Post.

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**Tuesday Morning, June 9th**

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I. MARIONETTE OVERTURE, - - - - - GURLETT

MAY HEWITT

ALMA B. LYONS

LAURA M. POST

SOPHIE BOUCHER



## Tuesday Morning, June 9th—Continued

### 2. "WENN DIE KATZE FORT IST"

FRAU PHILIPP,	- - - -	ANNA E. FLETCHER
LIESCHEN,	} DEREN TÖCHTER,	EDWINNA HAMMOND
KITTY,		MARGARET NOYES
PAULA,		CLARA CARNAHAN
EMMA,	} Pensionärinnen bei	EVA CAPE
BETTI,		ISABEL SMITH
LENA,		ETHEL HOPKINS
FLORA,		MILDRED THORPE
DÖRTE,	} Dienstmädchen in	- JANET KNAP
	} demselben Haus	

Die Handlung spielt in Frau Philipp's Wohnung in einer grösseren Stadt.

### 3. CONCERT WALTZ, - - - - H. HOFFMAN

EMMA COOKE	CLARA CARNAHAN
ISABEL SMITH	LILLIAN UNDERHILL

### 4. PANSY ORCHESTRA, - - - - SELECTED

FLORA HEWITT,	- - -	MANDOLIN
CLARA CARNAHAN,	- - -	"
ANNA FLETCHER	- - -	BANJO
SUSIE NELSON,	- - -	"
GUSSIE KNEVALS,	- - -	"
JANET KNAP,	- - -	GUITAR
MAY HEWITT,	- . - -	"



## Tuesday Morning, June 9th—*Continued*

### 5. "UN QUARTIER TRANQUILLE"

#### PERSONNAGES :

MADAME MALGARNI (Veuve), propriétaire d'une maison  
meublé, - - - - - AUGUSTA J. WHITE  
EUDOXIE CLÉOPÂTRE, sa fille, - HELEN MULLIKEN  
MADAME DE L'ENTRECHAT (née Saute-en-l'air) maîtresse  
de danse, - - - - - SOPHIE BOUCHER  
ANATASIE, bonne, - - - - - LILLIAN UNDERHILL  
Mlle. DORÉMI, maîtresse de chant, - DAISY SAILER  
M. VACARME, personnages qu'on ne voit pas ; mais qu'on  
entend beaucoup, - - - - -  
Mlle. DE L'AQUARELLE, artiste-peintre, ISABEL WHITE  
Mlle. OLYMPE ZOÉ DE MONT-PARNASSE, poète-auteur  
CAROLINE ROBERTS

Le Scène se passe à Passy.

## Tuesday Evening, June 9th

AT 8 O'CLOCK

OVERTURE, - - - - - SELECTED  
ORCHESTRA

THE FIRST ACT OF W. S. GILBERT'S MYTHOLOGICAL COMEDY

### ....PYGMALION AND GALATEA....

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

PYGMALION, a sculptor, - - - HARRIET L. McNEIL  
LEUCIPPE, a warrior, - - - CORA T. UNDERHILL  
AGESIMO, slave to Cheysos, - - - MAY HEWITT  
MIMOS, Pygmalion's slave, - - - ELSIE JONES  
CYNISCA, Pygmalion's wife, - - - SUSIE L. NELSON  
MYRINE, Pygmalion's sister, - - - EMMA W. COOK  
GALATEA, a statue, - - - MABEL D. COLVIN

Scene : Pygmalion's Studio.

Place : Athens

#### USHERS

Miss McNEIL  
Miss PEARSON

Miss GAIR  
Miss SAILER



# Wednesday Morning, June 10th

AT 11 O'CLOCK

## ...LIGHT GYMNASTICS...

*Miss NEWTON, . . . . . Instructor.*

### ORDER OF EXERCISE

- |                   |                         |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. MARCHING       | 4. HOOP DRILL           |
| 2. SHORT WANDS    | 5. WOODEN DUMB BELLS    |
| 3. FREE MOVEMENTS | 6. DANCING CALISTHENICS |

Awarding of Prize offered by Mr. ROBERT C. BLACK

### STUDENTS

AUGUSTA WHITE	MABEL COLVIN
JANET KNAP	ISABEL WHITE
ALICE BLISS	LAURA POST
EMMA COOKE	EDITH BENNETT
DAISY SAILER	WINNIBEL CLARK
EDWINNA HAMMOND	SOPHIE BOUCHER
KATE PEARSON	MARGARET NOYES
CARRIE MCMAHON	HATTIE MCNEIL
LAURA HILL	LENA BOTSFORD
MAY HEWITT	CLARA CARNAHAN
BESSIE BOOTH,	LILLIE HATCH
SUSIE NELSON	LILLIAN UNDERHILL
FLORENCE HAMMOND	ETHEL HOPKINS
FAY CHAFFEE	JULIA JENNINGS
HELEN MULLIKEN	ELSIE JONES
EDITH FLORENCE	MILDRED THORPE
FLORENCE BROWNING	ALMA LYONS

### USHERS

HELEN A. HUNT	}	'95
CORA T. UNDERHILL		
RUTH S. KNOWLES		



## Wednesday Evening, June 10th

AT 8 O'CLOCK

### PIANO RECITAL

MR. E. G. CLEMENCE, - - - - - *Instructor*

1. DUETT—Cradle and Swing Songs, - LEON D'OURVILLE  
MISSSES MILDRED THORPE AND EVANGELINE CAPE
2. SOLO—Selections from Op. 33, - - - - A. JENSEN  
Miss MARGARET NOYES
3. DUO, TWO PIANO—Rondo, - - - - C. GURLITT  
MISSSES ISABEL WHITE AND EDWINNA HAMMOND
4. SOLO—Valse Flottante, - - - - R. STATKOWSKI  
Miss MCNEIL
5. SOLO—Piece Rustique, - - - - R. MOZKOWSKI  
Miss AUGUSTA J. WHITE
6. QUARTETTE—Novelette, - - - - H. HOFFMANN  
Miss A. J. WHITE      Miss ISABEL WHITE  
Miss MCNEIL      Mr. EDWIN G. CLEMENCE

#### USHERS

Miss PEARSON	Miss SAILER
Miss COLVIN	Miss GAIR
Miss H. HUNT	Miss UNDERHILL



## Thursday, June 11th

AT 12 NOON

### GRADUATION EXERCISES

MARCHING SONG, - - - { WORDS: HELEN A. HUNT  
MUSIC: E. G. CLEMENCE

SCHOOL CHORUS

ESSAY — "The Influence of Costume "

CORA T. UNDERHILL, '95

POEM — "The Laurel "

HELEN A. HUNT, '95

PART SONG — "Twelve by the Clock " - - C. A. LLOYD

SCHOOL CHORUS

ESSAY — "The Story in Modern Literature "

KATE O. PEARSON

ESSAY — "Undercurrents "

JULIA L. McNEIL

ABSCHIEDSGRÜSSE—

LENA A. BOTSFORD

PART SONG — "Forest Greeting " - - - S. RUST

SCHOOL CHORUS

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS —

REV. F. B. DRAPER

ADDRESS — Rt. REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D., LL. D.

PARTING CHORUS — "Sweet Ingleside "

SCHOOL CHORUS

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## Thursday Afternoon, June 11th

AT HICKORY HEARTH

The Graduates will receive with Mrs. BLACK

TREE PLANTING AT 6:30

TREE SONG - - - { WORDS: MABEL A. KNIBLOE  
MUSIC: E. G. CLEMENCE

EVEN SONG — ALL SAINT'S CHURCH, AT 7 O'CLOCK



### Influence of Costume.

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“AND Eve first to her husband thus began: ‘Adam, well may we labor still to dress this garden.’” Who dare say that Milton understood not the all-powerful instinct of woman to beautify; to decorate; to adorn? With marvelous intuition regarding her nature he put dress among the first words uttered by her lips, and thus gave the keynote of her future work in the world. Strange and superficial though it may seem, at first glance, the external in life largely influences and controls the internal, and feeling is greatly influenced by action. We who have been in a very humble way disciples of Delsarte, have learned that what appears upon the surface compels the feeling underneath, and woman through all ages has made personal adornment not only one of her chief pleasures, but also one of her most powerful agents to control the other sex and to work out her schemes for good or evil in this world.

All civilized nations have recognized the fact that the minutiae of costume in the uniform of army, navy and government officers is a matter of significant importance. Congress exercises legislative authority in reference to



the design of a button, the color of an epaulet or the fashion of a soldier's or sailor's cap, as well as regarding the laws which secure our country's rights and liberties.

Time has proven that there is wisdom in the adoption of a distinctive uniform for all who labor in the public service. A fitting glance at the policeman's brass buttons controls Pat in his hilarious vagaries quite as surely as does the stroke from the officer's club. The cap and red coat of the fireman clears the track as effectually as an armed force, and a vision of the simple garb worn by the trained nurse wins the immediate confidence and soothes the sufferings of the lonely hospital patient. A Florence Nightingale or a Sister of Mercy passes unharmed where women of equal dignity, but clothed in the habiliments of fashion, would not dare to tread.

In scriptural times costume was not considered a matter of small importance. Joseph's famous coat of many colors changed forever the history of the Children of Israel. The mantle of Elijah, with its great significance attached, serves as another example. And the dire fate of him who, bidden to the wedding feast, came clothed not in the wedding garment, shows us how severe were the laws regarding dress at that time.

In these later days the vestments of the clergy in the Roman, Greek and Anglican churches play a conspicuous part in the gorgeous ritual. The scarlet robes, the purple and fine linen of the priest, attract and impress where extreme simplicity and lack of symbolism would fail; and, so, what seems to the Puritan a trivial



matter, becomes of serious importance since, trivial or not, it may influence thousands of pious worshippers.

Although Ballington Booth claims to ignore all worldly ideas, he has chosen for his followers a distinctive costume, and the poke bonnet and plain blue gown is to-day a sufficient introduction, and protection, too, in the slums of London and New York.

All along the road of life, costume plays an important part in woman's career. It is an expression of her joy, or emphasizes her sorrow. The christening robe that envelops her infant form is the first associated with her history ; soon laid aside, to be sure, but cherished always ; not by its wearer so much, perhaps, as by the fond mother, who sees in it always the baby she has loved. Years roll on, and the confirmation dress marks another epoch. The graduation dress soon follows, when we see her

"Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood, fleet."

Then comes the first ball gown—a symphony of gauze and lace—and some women treasure up as full of associations, also, the Golf costume, the Bicycle dress, or the Habit in which they have cantered over hill and dale. There are other toilettes, too—simple, every-day dresses—that have history ; that bring visions of bright days, or sad, which, because of this or that, we can not rip, or change, or give away, and in some cases seem to have completely altered the story of a life. But the dress to a woman, the dress the girl dreams of and from



which the woman would not part ; the dress that is folded and laid away to grow old and yellow with years, but growing dearer and more precious with flitting time ; the one over which she bends with fondest smiles, or, in the mighty sorrow of widowhood, bedews with tears ; the one through which the angel of joy, or the angel of sorrow speaks to her in their deepest language ; the gown that makes her forget her years and grow young again, only to bring to her realization all the more forcibly that time is hastening on, is the wedding gown !

We are all aware that man never pleads guilty to the love of dress ; but, nevertheless, circumstantial evidence is strongly against him. The pride that the small boy exhibits in his first pair of trousers is a telling argument against this later protested indifference, for "is not the child the father of the man?" There is also the immaculate dress-suit and dazzling patent-leathers that mark the crossing of the Rubicon to many a socially ambitious youth. Surely, as the great poet says, "The soul of this man is in his clothes."

Man proclaims that he considers comfort first, and that the elegance and style of dress is to him a matter of secondary importance ; he cares nothing for vain, idle show. If he can prove to us that comfort lies in the choking high collar and necessity demands the several inches of what seems wasted material in the bright silk hat, and can account for the reckless extravagance of cloth that exists in those lengthy coat tails, we shall stand convicted.

There are the dudes — the weakest of human develop-



ment — “they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

There seems to be a generally acknowledged propriety in the fact that, barring the Oscar Wildes and the men dressmakers, the question of costume is largely in the hands of woman. It is her duty, as from the first, to beautify, to dress the garden. It therefore becomes a sacred duty that she should strive to elevate costume into a noble influence. Dress and a foolish love of it may, it is true, be a terrible danger. People tell us of the misery which may come of it, wretched homes, children neglected, men driven to mad-houses and penitentiaries by extravagant expenditure in this direction. We, in our country school, can scarcely realize what fashion means to those who are “in the swim.” In our quiet corner of the world the fashion of a hat is good or bad, as it becomes the owner, or suits well or ill its uses and our sports; and the cut of a skirt or sleeve desirable, if it pleases the eye and does not impede the Golf club or the Bicycle. Woman, up to the present day, has frankly admitted that she considered beauty first, and comfort later; but now the great question is: Shall comfort, in the shape of short skirts and bloomers, banish forever the delicate, flimsy creations that have called forth the poems and sonnets of former days?

Utility makes beauty, largely, and dress should be made suitable to time and place, purse an accessory only; “a servant, not a master.” Not because Dame Fashion dictates, but because of reasons pure and good should we follow her decrees; and a woman who dares defy



Fashion will often bring her and her votaries to her feet. No amusement or occupation can be womanly which necessitates an unwomanly costume — nor should a woman make herself conspicuous by an unnecessary violation of Fashion's laws; but, under certain conditions, there is nothing finer than a girl who is dignified in a narrow gown when wide skirts are in vogue, or at her ease in tight sleeves when her sisters hide behind mountains of puffs.

We read of the King's Daughter that her "clothing is of wrought needlework;" but we are told, first, that she is "all glorious within." So a woman should make her costume, if possible, the expression of herself — then dress will hold in the world not a first place in importance, but be considered the handmaid of brighter things; and the woman who controls costume well, will clothe herself, first, with "light as with a garment."





## Defense of Shylock.

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**I**T has been said that Shylock has no redeeming qualities, and at the first glance this might seem to be true. He has been called revengeful and avaricious, but even admitting this to be so, are there no virtues besides mercy and generosity?

He has been condemned on the ground that his affection for his daughter seemed to be scarcely equal to his love for his ducats; but must a man be utterly and wholly corrupt because he does not show affection for a child who hates his nation, his religion, and himself?

Those who accuse him of coldness towards Jessica forget that Jessica could never have been a true daughter to him in any sense of the word.

Can a daughter who speaks of her father's house as hell be loving? One who deceives, be dutiful? Is it possible that a liar should wish trust and affection? For Jessica does lie when she answers the Jew's question with: "His words were, 'Farewell, Mistress,' nothing more," when Launcelot had just said something quite different.

Jessica herself feels that she commits a "heinous sin" in treating her father as she does, and surely there is no



other way of looking at her theft. Her flight, reprehensible though it was to leave her father alone in his old age, might possibly be excused on account of her extreme youth and inexperience, and consequent impatience of her secluded life; but nothing can be found to exculpate that theft, for she knew, of course, that she would be very justly disinherited after such an act and, therefore, could not have comforted herself with the reflection that she was taking only a small part of what would eventually have become hers.

In spite of her unworthiness, however, it is not at all certain that Shylock did dislike her. See how he shows her his bitterness and trouble in the lines:

“But wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me.”

And how little sympathy or comfort he gets from her. What tenderness lies hidden in the words “Jessica, my girl!” He is even moved by Launcelot’s kindly wish for his mistress, and says, “The patch is kind enough.”

It seems strange that Shylock has been so generally condemned for that passage, commencing: “My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!” It must be remembered that this Jew was a proud man. Is it at all in accordance with his nature that he should go and blazon forth his real hurt, which was the flight of his daughter with Lorenzo, on such a public place as the Rialto? Would he let every dog of a Christian read his inmost sorrow? Yet he must have some outlet; the loss of his money was public news and he could relieve his



feelings by raving about it ; but, in spite of himself, his real trouble would creep out and makes the whole passage infinitely sad.

One can almost see the poor, old man, deserted and betrayed, by the only person in the whole world on whom he had any claim, as those pathetic utterances burst from his lips, the street boys mocking him as they fell, "O my daughter !" "Fled with a Christian !" "Stolen from me by my daughter !" It has been urged against him that he had no friends ; it was said that if those around him found nothing in him to admire, there could have been nothing admirable in his character ; it seems to have been forgotten that to be a Jew in Venice at that time was worse, immeasurably worse, than to be the meanest cur that roamed the streets ; it has slipped from the memories of his modern enemies, that to be successful in any place, or at any time, is to direct the hatred of thousands of the envious unsuccessful against oneself ; and Shylock was a successful Jew.

What Jessica thought, and said, and did, cannot be used against him, for she was a Christian in spirit, if not in birth ; in spite of this, she nowhere actually says anything against him.

As for Jewish friends, it is inconceivable that so wealthy and powerful a man as Shylock should have no parasites and followers in such a money-loving nation, but, with the exception of Tubal and Chus, none are mentioned ; therefore, it is not only possible but extremely probable that he had true friends among his people who were simply left out of the play, as his



flatterers were, for artistic effect. So the reproach of being friendless cannot, with any certainty, be maintained against him.

The only other accusation brought against him are those of revengefulness, avarice and cruelty. He was, undoubtedly, revengeful; why should he not be? Had not his nation been down-trodden and persecuted for centuries? Had not he himself particularly suffered at the hands of the Christians, and especially at the hands of this particular Christian and his friends? He complains of Antonio for lending money gratis, and his complaints are just. The merchant's methods of doing business were very unbusiness-like; he had no more right to bring down the rate of usance, then in Venice, than a store-keeper in New York would have to bring down the price of any article, by selling it below cost. Antonio called him "cur" and "dog" in public places; he insulted and humiliated him on all occasions. What wonder that Shylock hated him from a personal stand-point as well as with the accumulated hatred of centuries, of a Jew for a Christian?

So Shylock naturally jumped at the first chance of vengeance. And the very fact that he did take such a slight chance of getting his enemy in his power, proves beyond a doubt, that avariciousness did not play such a large part in his character as is generally supposed. It was the merest accident that Antonio's ships should be lost or delayed, and Shylock lost much money in taking the risk.

The redeeming point in his character, however, is his



great loyalty to his nation, and even if this were his only good trait, he should be forgiven many faults because of it.

A great authority has spoken of his speech, beginning: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" as one of the ablest defences of an oppressed nation ever written; and as Shylock is the great type of the Jew of all ages, he should need no other defence for himself.

In the court scene he stands out clearly, a grand, though solitary figure, sternly demanding justice.

The terrible power of public sentiment; the Duke; the lawyers; all Venice; one might almost say, all the world against him, but all unable to turn him from his purpose.

Why should he be blamed, because Portia's appeal for mercy failed to move him? It was beautiful, certainly, but no one would expect a modern plaintiff to be affected by it, and human nature is essentially the same in all ages.

As for his reputed avariciousness, it does not appear in this scene at all. Several times he refuses thrice three thousand ducats, no inconsiderable sum in those days.

In fact, Shylock did love his ungrateful daughter better than his ducats; he can not be called friendless; he is no more avaricious than any other man; and, above all, his whole character is redeemed, if it needs redemption, by his intense, overwhelming patriotism, one of the noblest, most unselfish of the passions of man.

EMILY W. SAILER.



## The Story in Modern Literature.

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THE origin of the story, its function and mission in the social economy, its present standing, its probable future—these are a few of the many questions which the Goddess of Literature is entitled to ask of all true worshipers at her shrine.

Though this is a theme capable of varied treatment, reaching back, as it does, for its beginning into the nebulous past and pointing forward into the dim future, it may not be out of place to try to discover some of the reasons for the important role which it plays upon the stage of modern literature.

In this age of rapid progress, when new fields of discovery are continually opening before us, the story, as one of the prominent signs of the times, expresses the dominant characteristics and tendencies of the day. It is, above all, a response to present social demands, and acquaints us with social, religious and political conditions in the most profitable and expeditious manner possible.

Since the introduction of printing, the growth of the story has been gradual and sure. In the days of



our great grandmothers, the substitute for the present story was found only in the old almanac hanging over the kitchen fire-place, or among the back leaves of the "American Spelling Book." Here the ambitious milk-maid was brought to the notice of the rising generation, the tendency to love of finery rebuked, and the habit of "counting our chickens before they are hatched" held up to ridicule and scorn. The experience of the boy who stole apples under difficulties, the man whose cow was gored by his neighbor's bull, and tales of a similar character certainly afforded no great opportunity for amusement or edification. The Bible really contained the only short-stories worthy of the name then, and the romantic maiden of those days was driven to hiding the tabooed novel under the pile of flax at her spinning wheel, when she pined for that kind of entertainment, and made the adventures of "Sir Charles Grandison," and the sorrows of "The Children of the Abbey" her sole literary excitement.

Within the last fifty years the story has superseded poetry, the drama and the novel, though the last only to a limited extent. We all know that poetry, as a general style of writing, has fallen into disuse; and it is an acknowledged fact that the drama fails to exert its former influence. Even the novel does not occupy so important a place as it did a few years ago; possibly because life is too full and the world too busy to read long serial productions, or the three-volume romances which were once so popular, and in many cases, so valuable during the first half of the present century.



To-day, if the great reformers and philanthropists who wielded their pens for noble purposes a few years ago, could return, they would, perhaps, realize that their work might be better done by the short, sharp, incisive magazine-story, which accomplishes its object and produces its effect between stations on a railway journey, and scatters its seed unnoticed till the harvest is reaped.

Dickens might touch our hearts to-day by the pathos and humor of his "Little Nell" and his "Mr. Micawber" in many new surroundings, or make the world laugh while he closed the doors of a "Dotheboy's Hall" by some shorter satire than that of "Nicholas Nickleby," and opened to troops of happy girls—shall we say Ingleside, instead? Charles Reade might now write a hundred stories to unlock, as did his "Very Hard Cash," the doors of English mad-houses. Thackeray might give us, in homeopathic doses, his exquisite satires on London life, and send, periodically, into the literary world his lessons upon character by others than "Becky Sharp."

What the pulpit cannot reach, what the stage cannot influence, what the law cannot control, the magazine, through the caustic pen of its story-writer, will accomplish.

This is the day of the magazine; but the political article, the historical number, the critical treatise, even the telling humor of a Charles Dudley Warner in the Editors' Drawer, are not, after all, what sells the magazine; and to us Americans, sad though it may seem, this



standard, what will sell, proves the value. In nine cases out of ten, you will find the pages of the "Century," "Scribner's," and "Harpers" cut first at the short story.

The modern story was really created when magazines were first introduced. Public demand was for amusement. The American man has little time for anything save business. For his amusement, therefore, the magazine writer was forced to condense much thought into a small space, and to do his work with a few sharp blows.

By dint of hard labor, the writers of this day and generation have in a measure accomplished this result and have first given their stories to the public through the medium of magazines. But though the constant reading of these periodicals is discouraged by those who seek to acquire a thorough education, the majority of the reading-public incline to the magazine and newspaper; and the circulation of these publications, constantly and rapidly increasing, proves that they are a necessity to the people, and the surest channel through which not only amusement, but education and improvement may be provided for the masses.

To be able to write a good and effective story one must have not only a gift for narration and a plentiful amount of invention, but a keen appreciation of human joy and sorrow derived from personal experience. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her latest work, "A Singular Life," has done more to overcome the narrowness of old-school Calvinism than all the ecclesiastical conventions could accomplish.



A recognized author should be capable of combining various styles of composition in one work. Richard Harding Davis possesses this faculty and uses it to good intent in his "Unfinished Story," one of the best examples of what the modern story should be and is. Here, narration, description, exposition, argument, are all introduced with a facility not easily surpassed. It seems to respond, in no small degree, to Shakespeare's criterion of art, since it so faithfully "holds the mirror up to nature."

But the best modern story-writer, though one with whom the Americans as a nation are unfamiliar, was the French author, Maupassant. As a writer of short stories he had no equal, nor is it probable that he will have before the close of this century.

As it is quite common with us now to wonder what will be the conditions of life in the Twentieth Century, so we may also conjecture concerning the story of the future.

If men are upright and honorable, if women realize the noblest ideal of womanhood, if politics are raised to a higher level, if religion becomes less a name and more a fact, then and then only the natural evolution of the story will be toward higher and better things.

Life will govern the story then as it governs it to-day.

KATE OAKLEY PEARSON.



## Undercurrents.

---

"Anyone can hold the helm when the sea is calm."

**I**T requires little experience to steer a ship gliding smoothly over waters so calm that the sun's rays serve only the more clearly to outline her graceful proportions and to shape into grotesque forms her swaying shadow.

I say it requires but little experience to mark out a ship's course on such occasions; but the sea is never our trusted friend; she is of a changeable nature, and when storms arise, and the fearful undercurrents rock and tumble the craft in the bellows' trough, then is a trusted captain needed to take the helm and steer, with skillful hand, out of danger's way.

He is initiated by experience into the mysteries of the true course, and though he can not pacify the billows, nor calm the winds, he knows where the rocks and shoals lie, and can best avoid the undercurrents, and steer 'round and past to the port beyond. But did you ever stop to reflect upon the undercurrents which lie beneath the surface of human lives? Day in and day out people hide their deepest emotions, their truest sentiments, and their finest susceptibilities, covering them with a surface of reserve, while presenting to the world a calm and unruffled exterior, rendered indifferent by contact with the stern realities of every-day life.



These undercurrents of thought and feeling exert an influence upon the conduct of every human life, and require for their control a master-hand at the helm.

No two individuals possess the same qualities, neither in any two lives is the undercurrent quite the same.

Oliver Wendell Holmes makes this very happy remark: "Every one's feelings have a front-door and a side-door; the front-door opens into a passage which leads into an ante-room, and from there into the interior apartments, while the side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers:—to this door few possess a key."

Character is formed by one's mental and moral surroundings; in early life it is, of course, in an embryo state, and the impressions gathered then are the seeds which germinate and produce the flowers of later life. It is the imperceptible undercurrent of circumstance that makes or mars the future.

In this wonderful nineteenth century, when civilization is making such rapid strides, we believe that the undercurrent of circumstance exerts not only an influence upon the character of individuals, but also upon that of nations. The various wars, the manifold national and international disputes of the present day, only too truly verify this statement.

Our likes and dislikes, our individual interests and ambitions, are undercurrents of every-day life which alter each action more than we at first imagine.

Take, for example, the average business man; he enjoys, at the theatre, a light farce where he can drown



his cares in a good laugh — while the sentimental school-girl prefers to sit under the shadow of a large hat, and weep copious tears of sympathy with the heroine, whose lover has been stabbed by a jealous rival.

Our ideas of the world, ideas crude as yet to most of us, are the result of this ever-present influence.

Take schoolgirls leaving the home nest, and the care and protection of the mother wings, to brave the horrors of homesickness at boarding-school. That is the first step which takes us out into the world, and how to take it is always the cause of more or less anxiety in the home circle; for upon it often depends the glorious success, or ignominious failure of a life-time.

We sometimes imagine, since we have entered upon school life, that we have seen and known the world; we discuss weighty questions with the utmost confidence, and our heads are filled with opinions which we, in our vanity, are convinced would do credit to the President of the United States.

Yet, we are but gliding down the stream of girlhood — the hills on either side shut out our vision. Let us here consider the difficulties that we must overcome ere we can pursue our course. For it is here we find our strength, here our feet gain their steadfastness, and our hearts their courage.

May we not liken Ingleside to an immense navy yard, where ships of every size and kind, from the frail little sail boat, capsized by a sudden squall, to the imposing warship ready to fight the battles of the world, are in process of construction? Observe carefully, and you will



recognize the craft of the "Freshmen," the framework scarcely begun; they have no undercurrents to overcome; they are safely anchored for the next four years.

Holding aloof from the rest, alive with eager expectancy, wait the Juniors. It is easy to see that competent workmen have done their tasks well. But, O ye Juniors! be not over-confident; the building of a ship is a laborious process, and though to-day you present a *fair* appearance, there is still much to be done before you will be considered finished; there must be a smoothing-down of all rough edges, an infinite amount of polishing, before you can hope to sail with becoming majesty. Fortify yourselves for that last and most trying ordeal—thorough examination—and strive to control the mighty undercurrents of your stormy souls.

Joyful, yet trembling, are the Seniors, "wearing all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower," their letters of passport made out, all their bravery on, with tackle trim, sails filled, and streamers waving, ready and waiting to be launched upon the waves of the untried ocean.

You who, as yet, know not, or perhaps have forgotten, the joys and sorrows of the schoolgirl's existence, can not realize what to-day means for us.

Standing on the threshold of a new life, our girlhood steps forth with school days behind it, and the world of womanhood before.

The season is in full sympathy with us, for all Nature seems imbued with a festive spirit, and has robed herself in gay colors, making the closing moments of our school life fresh and beautiful. And yet an undercurrent of



sadness pervades the atmosphere, for parting is not sweet sorrow to us ; it is, rather, a wrenching asunder of the ties that have bound us together these last few years—ties strengthened by the many pleasures and pains borne together.

One great sorrow came to us last year, when the first link in the class chain was broken, and a true young life was extinguished. To recall her, is to us one of the sweetest pleasures of memory. Alas ! only too soon, memory alone will be our only realization of the present !

To-day is an epoch in the life of each one of us, and we think, with the poet, of "Youth forever dear, forever kind ;" for it is only as necessity reminds us of what we are losing, that we realize how dear the memory of these last few years will always be to us. We are "like the watermen, that row one way and look another."

Girls, what does the future hold for us? Is it a life of butterfly existence? One round of selfish pleasure in the false glitter of so-called society? A thousand times no ! Rather let ours be a womanly existence, kindled with lofty thoughts and ambitions, and filled with noble deeds. When we have left the protection of our *Alma Mater*, let us not forget, or rudely thrust aside, the noble principles inculcated here. But let us wear, graven on our hearts, purity, modesty and truth ! If we do this, the ocean upon which we are launched to-day will prove ever a trusty friend, and, looking fearlessly into the future, ready to control the undercurrents of fate, we may realize the motto of '96: "*Remis non Remo.*"

JULIE MCNEIL.



## Abschiedsgrüsse an Ingleside.

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LEBEWOHL, lieb' Ingleside !

Ist die Zeit denn wirklich schon gekommen, wo wir dir Lebewohl sagen müssen ?

Ja, '96 ist hier. Die schnellfüssige Zeit eilt weiter ohne Aufenthalt und befiehlt uns mit lauter Stimme, den Freuden und Leiden der lustigen Schultage Lebewohl zu sagen.

Aber Gott hat uns ein Gedächtniss gegeben, und das ist unser bestes Besitzthum. Wie heisst es doch schon in dem schönen deutschen Liede :

“O, wem ein rechtes Gedenken blüht,  
Dem blüht die ganze Welt,  
Und wessen Herz in Treue glüht,  
Um den ist's wohl bestellt.”

Ja, treu wollen wir dir sein, lieb' Ingleside, treu wollen wir den Wahlspruch bewahren, welchen du in unsere Herzen gepflanzt hast :

“Tapfer, ernst und treu.”

Oft in der Zukunft werden helle Bilder vor uns erscheinen. Lange Tische mit fröhlichen, lachenden Mädchen tauchen vor unseren Blicken auf.

Es ist wenige Minuten vor Neun. Alle marschiren, plaudernd wie Elstern, hinauf in's Turnzimmer ; der



“Triangle” erklingt, und plötzlich wird Alles still — Herr Draper erscheint zum Gebet. —

Das Gebet ist vorüber, Alle eilen in's Schulzimmer; Bücher werden gesucht, aber oft nicht gefunden, — und wenn es regnet, geht's mit Gummischuhen und Regenschirmen ebenso. Endlich ist man fertig und eilt zu den Recitationen, unterwegs noch einmal die Aufgaben wiederholend. Hier und da hört man halblaute deutsche und französische Sätze oder eine eilig geflüsterte astronomische Verhandlung. Doch wer könnte alle die Bilder aufzählen, welche ein Schulleben mit sich bringt? Ja, das sind Zukunftsbilder.

Doch hier muss ich unserer lieben Mitschülerinnen gedenken, für welche Ingleside nicht nur Schule, sondern zu gleicher Zeit auch ein Heim war. Und was für ein trautes, liebes Heim muss es nicht sein, in dem eine so liebenswürdige Hausmutter waltet und Alles so wohl geregelt ist, und man so viele gute Freundinnen hat!

O gewiss! ich verstehe es, dass für Euch der Abschied noch viel schwerer sein muss als für uns, die wir doch nur einen Theil des Tages hier verlebten.

Aber, liebe Freundinnen, ich bin sicher, dass wir Alle einig sind in dem Gedanken, dass Ingleside uns und wir Ingleside angehören, und dass wir es Alle mit gleich innigem Gefühl nennen und immer nennen werden:

“Unser Ingleside!”

Aber nun müssen wir zur Gegenwart zurückkehren und Abschied nehmen von all' den theuren Plätzen, in denen wir so manches Jahr ein und aus gingen.

Adieu, Ihr lieben Vogelnester, Robin, Bobolink und



Cuckoo ! und auch Ihr anderen Häuser, empfanget unser herzlichstes Lebewohl !

Lebet wohl, Ihr treuen Lehrer, und unsere gütige Patronin auf Hickory Hearth ! Habt Dank für Alles, was Ihr für uns gethan. Wir bitten, bewahrt uns ein freundliches Andenken, wie auch wir Euerer stets in Liebe gedenken werden.

LINA BOTSFORD.





### Marching Song.

---

**L**AUREL, waving on the high hills,  
Lilies, dancing in the stream,  
Pink, with mossy green of dark rills,  
Green, with white of silver sheen.

Laurel, breezes calling to thee  
Murmur low o'er hill and field,  
This thy watch-word given thro' me :  
"Fighting, die, but never yield."

Lilies, lo! the laughing river  
Whispers counsel gliding past,  
In the rushes all a-quiver,  
"Drift not, row unto the last."

Lilies, Laurel, now together  
Bid farewell to Ingleside,  
In the golden warm June weather  
Hand and hope and heart allied.

Kneel before her for her blessing,  
On her love and bounty dwell,  
All your debt to her confessing,  
Then, reluctant, bid farewell.

HELEN HUNT.


May 20th, '96.



## Tree Song.


---

### I.



HAIL, Tree of "Ninety-six," all hail!  
Rule now for us this hill and vale,  
And be a living monument  
To keep our memory.  
Oh! guard it e'er with zealous care,  
Our future joys and sorrows share;  
Imbue us with all good intent,  
Our inspiration be.

### II.



Tho' "Ninety-six" be scattered far,  
Tho' Fortune smile, tho' Grief should mar,  
We all in friendship's ties are bound,  
Are links in friendship's chain:  
'Mid stormy blasts, 'mid tempests drear,  
Thy sturdy heart will know not fear;  
Nor shall our hearts, for they are bound  
In the Alumnæ chain.



## III.

And now, lest mem'ry's leaves should fade,  
We standing here beneath thy shade,  
From out the "Loving Cup" do pour  
This water o'er thy feet :  
Oh ! may it life and growth ensure,  
And raise thy head in azure pure ;  
And so may we grow evermore,  
Life evermore be sweet !

MABEL A. KNIBLOE.













### Died.

In Chicago, Illinois, July 28th, 1895:

HELEN MARY TAYLOR,

Class of '96.

*"Tapfer, ernst und treu."*

### Married.

GEORGE E. STAUB, of New Milford, to SARAH J. MALLET, of  
Bridgewater, Ct., October 17th, 1895.

DAVID C. SANFORD, of Bridgeport, Ct., to GOLDA A. MCMAHON,  
of New Milford, December 18th, 1895.

HENRY PARISH DELAFIELD, to MARGUERITE M. DEWEY, both of  
New York City, January 26th, 1896.

NORMAN J. PURCE, to FREELOVE C. SCHLAGER, both of Bing-  
hamton, N. Y., April 13th, 1896.



### Officers of the Pansy Garten.

MRS. WM. D. BLACK,	-	-	-	<i>Gärtnerin</i>
CORA T. UNDERHILL, '95,	-	-	-	<i>Untergärtnerin</i>
AUGUSTA J. WHITE,	-	-	-	<i>Geheimschreiberin</i>
JULIE L. MCNEIL, '96,	-	-	-	<i>Schatzmeisterin</i>
LILLIAN UNDERHILL,	-	-	-	<i>Wärterin</i>

### Ingleside Golf Club.

<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	JEAN L. HUNT
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	LAURA M. POST
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	LENA E. THOMPSON
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	A. FLORENCE BROWNING

#### *Stewards of the Course*

ANNA E. FLETCHER	MABEL D. COLVIN
EMILY W. SAILER	KATE O. PEARSON

#### *Champion of '96 Tournament*

A. FLORENCE BROWNING

#### *Names of Links*

No. 1—THE KANT	No. 6—THE SWIFT
“ 2—THE GREAT SCOTT	“ 7—THE PITT
“ 3—THE HOPE	“ 8—THE DICKENS
“ 4—THE LONGFELLOW	“ 9—THE HOMER
“ 5—THE KIDD'S EVOLUTION	

Killi, Killeek! A cleek, a cleek!

Chilli-how-ee! A tee, a tee!

Caddy-co-ax! Score your whacks!

Green and white for I. G. C.!!!



## Executive Committee.

### FIRST TERM

<i>Chairman,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	LENA E. THOMPSON
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MABEL D. COLVIN
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	LAURA M. POST

### *Members*

MARGARET G. NOYES  
 JEANETTE M. KNAP  
 JULIA L. MCNEIL

### *Pansies.*

CORA T. UNDERHILL  
 LILLIAN W. UNDERHILL  
 AUGUSTA J. WHITE

### SECOND TERM

<i>Chairman,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	EMILY W. SAILER
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	A. FLORENCE BROWNING
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	SUSIE NELSON

### *Members*

CLARA C. CARNAHAN  
 MILDRED THORPE  
 JULIA L. MCNEIL

### *Pansies*

CORA T. UNDERHILL  
 LILLIAN W. UNDERHILL  
 AUGUSTA J. WHITE



## Ingleside Directory.

1894-1895.

## "THE BOBOLINK."

MARY OLIVER,	.	.	.	Pittsburg, Pa.
ANNA O. MCLEAN,	.	.	.	Troy, N. Y.
RUTH S. KNOWLES,	.	.	.	Killingworth, Ct.
HELEN A. HUNT,	.	.	.	New Milford, Ct.
CORA T. UNDERHILL,	.	.	.	Morristown, N. J.
ISABEL C. SADLER,	.	.	.	Sedan, Kas.

## "THE CHICKADEE."

CHARLOTTE LOWE,	.	.	.	Plainfield, N. J.
WINNIBEL CLARKE,	.	.	.	Ansonia, Ct.
PAULINE OTIS,	.	.	.	Chicago, Ill.
ELLEN REID,	.	.	.	Montclair, N. J.
EMILY SAILER,	.	.	.	Philadelphia, Pa.
LAURA POST,	.	.	.	New York City
KATHLEEN HIGGINS,	.	.	.	Montclair, N. J.

## "THE STUDIO."

EDITH MCLEAN,	.	.	.	Troy, N. Y.
HELEN M. TAYLOR,	.	.	.	Chicago, Ill.
JULIE MCNEIL,	.	.	.	New York City
HATTIE LINDLEY,	.	.	.	Colorado Springs, Col.
JEAN L. SWORDS,	.	.	.	Morristown, N. J.
MOLLY TOWNSEND,	.	.	.	New Haven, Ct.
LILLIAN UNDERHILL,	.	.	.	Morristown, N. J.
ELSIE SCHNELLER,	.	.	.	Ansonia, Ct.
JULIE PARMELEE,	.	.	.	New Haven, Ct.
SUSIE NELSON,	.	.	.	Ansonia, Ct.
JANET KNAF,	.	.	.	Sandusky, Ohio

## "THE HALL."

GERTRUDE SANFORD,	.	.	.	Litchfield, Ct.
MARIAN SWORDS,	.	.	.	Morristown, N. J.
MAMIE VAN INGEN,	.	.	.	New York City



## Ingleside Directory—*Continued.*

### "THE HALL."—*Continued.*

ELIZABETH GILLETTE,	Des Moines, Iowa.
FLORENCE BROWNING,	Devon, Pa.
EDITH IDE,	Troy, N. Y.
ANNA E. FLETCHER,	Denver, Col.
CAROLINE ROBERTS,	Siasconsett, Mass.

### "THE CUCKOO."

SOPHIE BOUCHER,	New York City.
EDWINNA HAMMOND,	Portland, Oreg.
FLORENCE HAMMOND,	Portland, Oreg.
ALICE DEWEY,	New York City
KATHERINE DEWEY,	New York City
HELEN MILLER,	Albany, N. Y.

### NEW MILFORD.

ADALINE L. BUCK,	MABEL A. KNIBLOE,
ALICE B. BUCK,	CAROLINE McMAHON,
EDITH D. BENNETT,	BESSIE BOOTH,
LENA BOTSFORD,	NELLIE KIMLIN,
MINNIE BLINN,	BESSIE BROWN,

CAROLINE SCHOVERLING.

## Ingleside School.

1895 and 1896.

MRS. WM. D. BLACK, Patroness and Manager,	Hickory Hearth
MISS AMELIA SKILLIN, Head Mistress,	The Hall
REV. F. B. DRAPER,	The Rectory
MR. W. F. HART,	Hotel Weantinaug
MISS CHARLOTTE BOYER,	Attic Studio
FRAULEIN E. PELGRY,	The Hall
MLLE. AUGUST FAGIER,	The Studio
MR. E. G. CLEMENCE,	Hotel Weantinaug



### Ingleside School—Continued.

#### INSTRUCTORS.

MISS FELLOWS,	.	.	.	The Studio
MISS Warner,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
MISS HUNT,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
MISS LOOMIS,	.	.	.	The Bobolink
MISS NEWTON,	.	.	.	The Robin
MISS CARRIE NEWTON,	.	.	.	The Robin
MR. CHARLES BUTTERICH,	.	.	.	New Haven, Ct.
MRS. H. D. HUNT, House Mother,	.	.	.	The Bobolink
MISS C. F. HILL, Secretary,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
MISS M. RINKER, Book-Keeper,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
MISS M. K. PENNYBACKER, Household Manager,	.	.	.	The Bindestrich
MISS M. DOONE PENNYBACKER, Housekeeper,	.	.	.	The Bindestrich
MISS MINEE, Dressmaker and Seamstress,	.	.	.	The Robin

### Pupils—Ingleside School.

1895-1896.

#### THE ROBIN.

Julia L. McNeil,	.	.	.	New York City
Emily W. Sailer,	.	.	.	Philadelphia, Pa.
M. Elizabeth Gair,	.	.	.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mabel D. Colvin,	.	.	.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kate O. Pearson,	.	.	.	Hudson, N. Y.

#### THE STUDIO.

Augusta H. Knevals,	.	.	.	New York City
A. Florence Browning,	.	.	.	Devon, Pa.
Winnibel Clarke,	.	.	.	Ansonia, Ct.
Alice E. Bliss,	.	.	.	Hartford, Ct.
Cora S. Underhill,	.	.	.	Morristown, N. J.
Laura M. Post,	.	.	.	New York City
Alma B. Lyons,	.	.	.	New York City
Lillian W. Underhill,	.	.	.	Morristown, N. J.
Augusta J. White,	.	.	.	New York City
Isabel N. Smith,	.	.	.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bertha L. Barber,	.	.	.	Washington, D. C.



### Pupils—Ingleside School—*Continued.*

#### "THE HALL."

Anna E. Fletcher,	Denver, Col.
Lena E. Thompson,	New York City
Janet M. Knap,	Sandusky, Ohio
Susie L. Nelson,	Ansonia, Ct.
Clara C. Carnahan,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edwinna C. Hammond,	Portland, Ore.
Harriet L. McNeil,	New York City
Emma W. Cooke,	Stamford, Ct.
Caroline M. Roberts,	Siasconsett, Mass.
Ruth S. Knowles,	Killingworth, Ct.
Evangeline Cape,	Washington, Ct.

#### "THE CUCKOO."

Sophie Boucher,	New York City
Margaret L. Noyes,	New York City
Ethel Hopkins,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elsie Jones,	Newark, N. J.
Mildred Thorpe,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Florence Hammond,	Portland, Ore.
Helen H. Mulliken,	Washington, D. C.

#### "HICKORY HEARTH."

Margaret L. Sanford,	Litchfield, Ct.
Elsie Schneller,	Ansonia, Ct.
Isabel White,	Utica, N. Y.
Flora F. Hewitt,	Derby, Ct.
Mary Hewitt,	Derby, Ct.

#### NEW MILFORD.

Edith E. Bennett,	Caroline L. McMahon,
Lena A. Botsford,	Lily G. Hatch,
Mabel A. Knibloe,	Sadie S. Smith,
Adeline LeRoy Buck,	Norma Conkey,
Alice B. Buck,	Julia E. Jennings,



**Pupils—Ingleside School—*Continued.***

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Bessie G. Brown,	Alice N. Randall,
Nellie M. Kimlin,	Edith Florence,
Minnie S. Blinn,	Laura H. Hill,
Bessie N. Booth.	

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**Day Pupils.**

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BESSIE N. BOOTH.  
ADALINE L. BUCK.  
ALICE B. BUCK.  
LAURA A. HILL.  
NELLIE M. KIMLIN.  
CAROLINE L. MACMAHON.  
ALICE N. RANDALL.

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**Ingleside Bicyclists.**

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BERTHA L. BARBER.	KATE O. PEARSON.
A. FLORENCE BROWNING.	LAURA M. POST.
MABEL D. COLVIN.	ISABEL N. SMITH.
EMMA COOKE.	EMILY W. SAILER.
ELSIE JONES.	MILDRED THORPE.
AUGUSTA H. KNEVALS.	LILLIAN W. UNDERHILL.
HARRIET MCNEIL.	AUGUSTA J. WHITE.
HELEN P. MULLIKEN.	



## Ingleside Log.

EDITH WARNER, '93, }  
 JEAN LEE HUNT, '94, } *Editors.*  
 MISS CHARLOTTE BOYER, *Art Editor.*

### *Contributors to Log of '96.*

Isabel Nelson Smith, '97,	.	.	.	The Studio
Jean Lee Hunt, '94,	.	.	.	The Studio
Edith Warner, '93,	.	.	.	The Studio
Margaret Noyes,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
Ethel Hopkins,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
A. Florence Browning, '97,	.	.	.	The Studio
Mildred Thorpe,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
Sophie Boucher, '98,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
Edith D. Bennett, '96,	.	.	.	New Milford
Lillian Underhill, '97,	.	.	.	The Studio
Helen Hunt, '95,	.	.	.	The Studio
Edwinna Hammond, '98,	.	.	.	The Hall
Elsie Jones,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
Laura Post, '97,	.	.	.	The Studio
Harriet McNeil, '98,	.	.	.	The Hall
Janet Knap, '98,	.	.	.	The Hall
Helen Mulliken,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
May Hewitt,	.	.	.	Hickory Hearth
Anna E. Fletcher, '97,	.	.	.	The Hall



### Contributors to Log of '96—Continued.

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Lena Thompson, '97,	.	.	.	The Hall
Susie Nelson, '97,	.	.	.	The Hall
Winnibil Clarke, '97,	.	.	.	The Studio
Florence Hammond,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
Caroline Roberts, '98,	.	.	.	The Cuckoo
Mabel Colvin,	.	.	.	The Robin
Emma Cooke,	.	.	.	The Hall
Evangeline Cape,	.	.	.	The Hall
Emily W. Sailer,	.	.	.	The Robin
Augusta J. White,	.	.	.	The Studio
Mabel A. Knibloe,	.	.	.	New Milford
Lena Botsford,	.	.	.	New Milford
Kate O. Pearson,	.	.	.	The Robin
Julie McNeil,	.	.	.	The Robin
Isabel White,	.	.	.	Hickory Hearth
Augusta H. Knevals,	.	.	.	The Studio
Alice Bliss,	.	.	.	The Studio

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### Illustrations.

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October—Golden Rod,	.	.	A. L. Buck
November—Falling Leaves,	.	.	Lillian Underhill
December—The First Snow,	.	.	Pauline Otis
January—Skating,	.	.	R. S. Knowles
February—"Exams,"	.	.	Alma Lyons
March—Church Spire,	.	.	R. S. Knowles
April—The Return of the Birds,	.	.	Flora F. Hewitt
May—May Flowers,	.	.	R. S. Knowles
The Organ,	.	.	R. S. Knowles
Corner of Studio,	.	.	R. S. Knowles
Afternoon Tea in Attic Studio,	.	Jean Swords and Alice Randall	
Cat-tails,	.	.	A. L. Buck



**Contributors to Log of '96—Continued.**

**Illustrations—Continued.**

Vacation, . . . . .	Lillian Underhill
Pansies, . . . . .	Flora F. Hewitt
Tobogganing, . . . . .	R. S. Knowles
All Saints Church, . . . . .	Adaline L. Buck
The Lighting of Fire at Hickory Hearth, . . . . .	R. S. Knowles
Cheese Roasting, . . . . .	Mildred Thorpe
Storytime, . . . . .	Edith Florence
"Bon Voyage," . . . . .	Lillian Underhill
"'96," . . . . .	B.

**Photographs**

*furnished by*

Mabel Colvin,  
Anna Fletcher,

Clara Carnahan,  
Lena Thompson.





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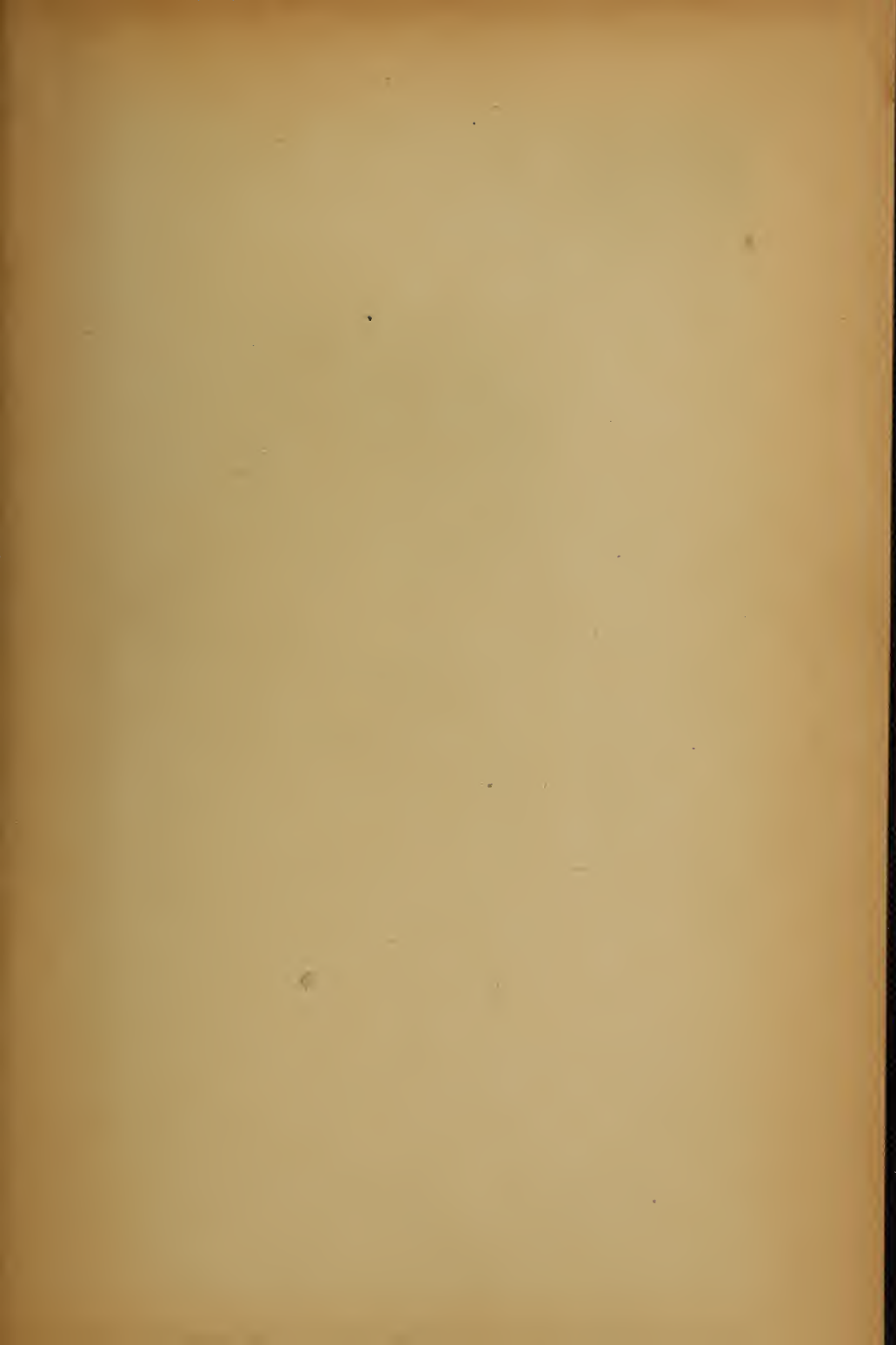




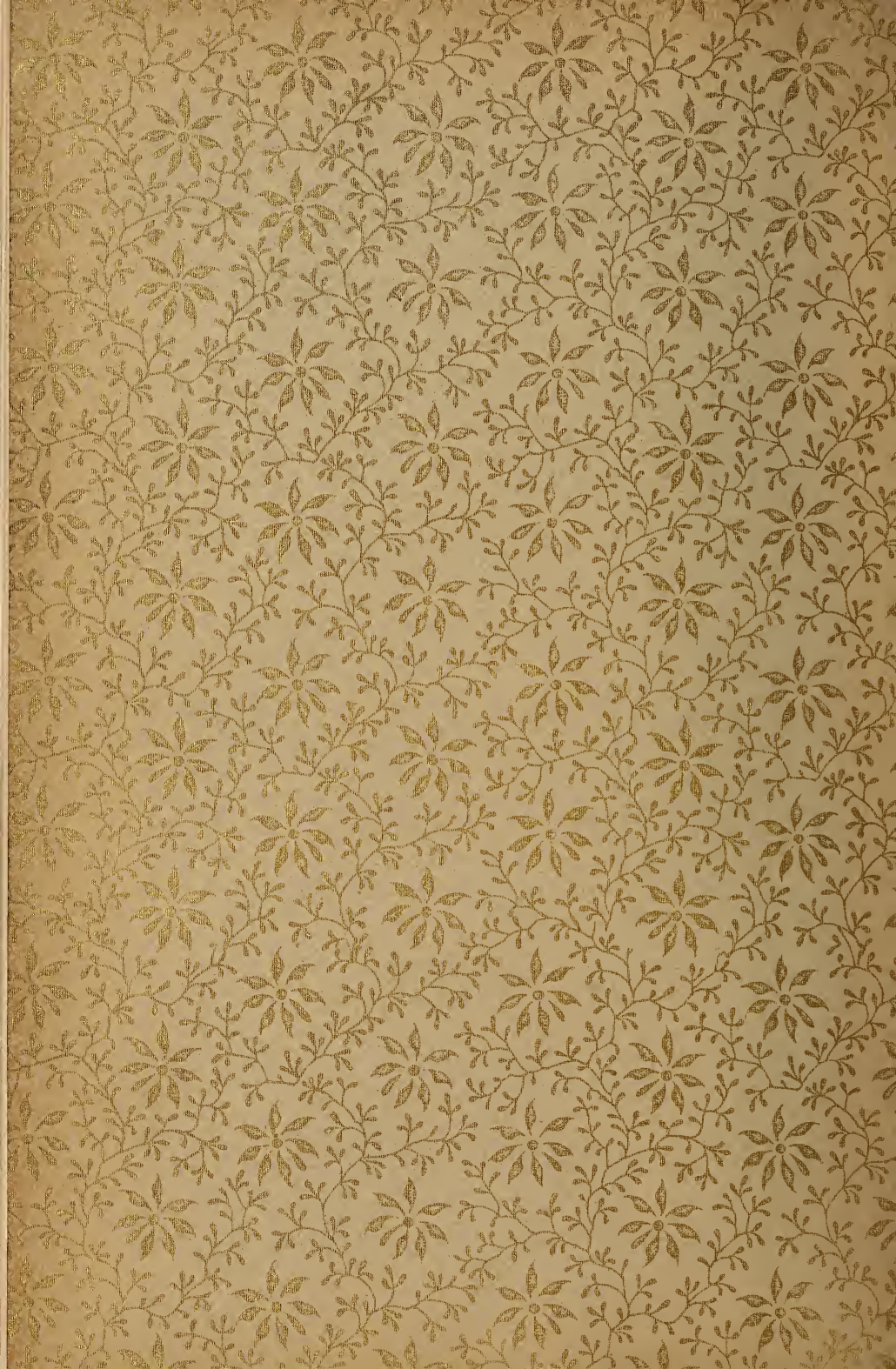




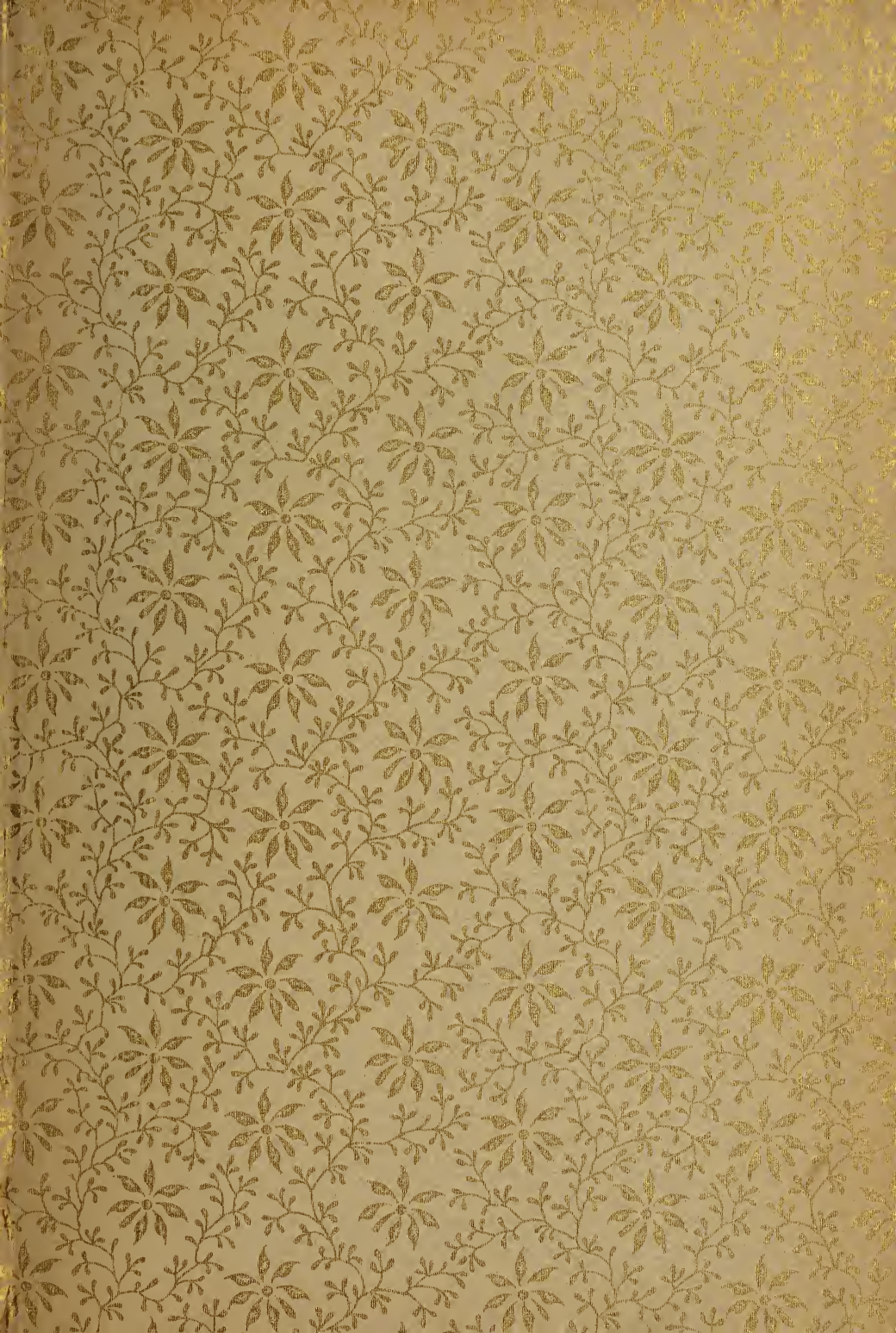














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